

The Courier-Gazette

THREE-TIMES-A-WEEK
Subscriptions \$3.00 per year payable in advance, single copies three cents.
Advertising rates based upon circulation and very reasonable.
NEWSPAPER HISTORY
The Rockland Gazette was established in 1846. In 1874 the Courier was established and consolidated with the Gazette. In 1922 The Free Press was established. In 1925 and in 1929 changed its name to the Tribune. These papers consolidated March 17 1897.

There is not true virtue without sympathy, service and sacrifice.

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BASKETBALL

Rockland High Varsity vs. Morse High Varsity
WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JAN. 30—7.30 P. M.
Rockland High Freshmen vs. Morse High Freshmen
ADMISSION, 35c, 25c

ST. GEORGE WILL DANCE

at the
PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL
ODD FELLOWS HALL, TENANT'S HARBOR
Wednesday Night, January 30
DEARDON'S ORCHESTRA
Entertainment and Refreshments as well
Gentlemen, 35c; Ladies, 25c

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10-13

SENSATIONAL ATTRACTION

Ocean View Ball Room
TONIGHT
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"Blackbirds of 1933" "Shuffle Along"
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THURSDAY NIGHT
BERNIE MARR and His HILL BILLIES
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AYER'S

The next month is usually the coldest and most trying of the year. Get good warm underwear and wool stockings and mittens or gloves and enjoy the brisk cold mornings. It puts the pep into anyone who dresses warm.

WINTER UNION SUITS that will keep out old Mr. Winter	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.98, \$3.00
SHIRTS and DRAWERS	79c, 98c, \$1.98
FLANNEL SHIRTS for men	\$1.75, \$1.98, \$2.50
FLANNEL SHIRTS for boys	\$1.50
HEAVY WOOL STOCKINGS for men	25c, 50c
HEAVY WOOL STOCKINGS for boys	39c, 45c
WOOL SWEATERS	\$1.98, \$3.50, \$5.00
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HEAVY WOOL LACED PANTS for boys	\$3.25, \$2.50

Just try our prescription: Keep warm and dry, enjoy the winter and keep well

WILLIS AYER

ONE YEAR AGO

From the files of The Courier-Gazette we learn that:—

Rockland High School won the Knox and Lincoln winter meet at Community Park, scoring 119 points. Union was second with 64 points. Sam Glover was high line for the boys and Annette Northgraves for the girls.

J. C. Perry resigned as vice president and treasurer of the Knox County Trust Company.

The Widows Island Hospital building was being razed.

Kenneth M. Kuhn became manager of the Blaisdell Pharmacy.

The Park Sea Grill reopened under the management of Mrs. Stein and Mrs. Olsen.

Dr. William Ellingwood became a patient at Knox Hospital as the result of a bad fall on the ice.

The Camden Woolen Mill was threatened when fire caught in the engine room.

Happiness shared is happiness doubled.

MUST BE CAUTIOUS

Vice Pres. W. W. Morse Well Known Here Talks On Old Age Pensions

Without direct reference to any particular plan for care of the aged, Walter W. Morse, vice president of the Federal Life and Casualty Company, addressing a Portland audience Sunday night, warned his listeners not to be too zealous lest there be a weakening of our financial structure and depreciation of security.

"We must not be too zealous in our expectations that the government will be able to do many of the improbable things now being suggested and accredited by a large number of people," he said.

"We must not forget that in being over zealous in helping the group just referred to, we may be adversely affecting those hard working and, in many instances, poor people who have through self denial and thrift acquired much of the large amount of insurance in force for protection in their old age and for those dependent upon them.

"Life and disability insurance is very materially affected by governmental policies. While there are many ways in which insurance is thus affected, there are two vital needs the most important of which is a sound and reasonable stable currency. The other, the reasonable enforcement of contracts are written by contracting parties. It must, therefore be obvious that to experiment with any plan, no matter how attractive it may look as an immediate solution to some economic disturbance, should not be seriously considered if its expense suggests the possible weakening of our financial structure and the depreciation of our security."

Mr. Morse stated that authorities estimate that life insurance companies paid out to insured and beneficiaries during the year just closed the sum of three billion dollars and that it is estimated that very close to 100 billion dollars of life insurance is now in force in the United States.

"The United States," he said, "is the best insured country on earth and it is estimated that 87 percent of the average estate at death is comprised of life insurance."

THOMASTON'S BALL

Committee Has Planned Excellent Entertainment For Guests Tomorrow Night

Maynard Wentworth, vigorous general chairman of Thomaston's President's Birthday Ball, has laid out a most attractive program for those who come to Watts Hall tomorrow night.

The music for the dancing which lasts from 8.30 until 1 o'clock will be provided by Eddie Whalen and his full band of Privateers. A radio will be hooked up to receive the President's message and entertainment features will be provided that will delight young and old, dancers and non-dancers. As in all cases, 70 percent of the proceeds will be used to combat infantile in Thomaston and vicinity.

Associated with Mr. Wentworth on the general committee are Richard O. Elliot as treasurer, Mrs. Russell Davis, Mrs. R. O. Elliot, Orville Wellman, Chester Slader, Edgar Ames, Mrs. Bertha Frost, John Creighton, Forest Stone, Mrs. Earle Risteen and Mrs. Lillian Leighton.

WATTS HALL, THOMASTON

THURSDAY, JAN. 31
WILL ROGERS
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THE VETERANS' BONUS

Commander Van Zandt, V. F. W., Replies To President Roosevelt

James E. Van Zandt, commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars writes to the Bangor Daily News that organization's viewpoint of the cash payment of service certificates. As all service men are interested Commander Van Zandt's letter is here republished:

In a recent press dispatch from Washington, published in the News, President Roosevelt made public his opposition to immediate cash payment of adjusted service certificates. In listing his reasons, the President emphasized the following statement: "The adjusted service certificates are a form of paid up endowment insurance of which dependents would be deprived in cash if paid now."

In fairness to the World War Veterans in your community, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S. presents the following facts in refutation of this argument.

When Congress created the adjusted service certificate in 1924, these certificates represented an average value of \$1000.00, payable in 1945. At that time, the purpose back of these certificates was to give each veteran a paid up endowment policy that would mature twenty years later.

Two years after date of issuance, each certificate carried a loan value. Veterans in need of funds were forced to borrow on these certificates, paying compound interest on the loan. When unemployment conditions became acute in recent years, Congress in 1932 enacted a law making it possible for the holder of one of these certificates to borrow fifty per cent of the face value.

Today there are approximately three and one-half million adjusted service certificates outstanding. Government statistics, quoted by Roosevelt himself, show that more than three million veterans have borrowed the full fifty per cent of the face value of their certificates. These loans are being made by the federal government, at the expense of the veteran for the compound interest charges are being deducted from the balance that remains.

Unless these certificates are paid immediately, they will be valueless to the veteran until January 1, 1942, when he will be able to borrow \$30.04. One year later, he will be able to obtain \$38.25. On Jan. 1, 1944, he will be eligible to an additional loan of \$39.79. On Jan. 1, 1945, when these certificates fully mature, the average veteran will receive the miserable sum of \$68.50, all that will be left as a result of compound interest charge deductions.

In other words, through mere dribbles and interest charges, the value of the certificates will be destroyed. Neither the veteran, nor his widow and children, will possess any protection in the form of an endowment policy or financial benefits.

Back in 1925, when these certificates were first issued, the theory of insurance protection for the dependents of veterans was perfectly sound. But now that the principal is being destroyed through the issuance of loans, and the deduction of interest charges, it is obvious that the original plan is no longer practical. The so-called insurance protection which Mr. Roosevelt anxiously seeks to preserve will be dissipated long before 1945.

As national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, I speak for the overseas veterans of this country when I invite every patriotic citizen to support this demand for veteran justice. We are convinced that our proposal offers the only practical and constructive method of administering nationwide relief, stimulating industrial recovery simultaneously reducing the national debt. It will force the sum of approximately \$2,200,000,000 into the channels of trade and industry, with resultant benefits for the nation as a whole, and America's World War veterans will receive the benefits which Congress intended they should have when this obligation was recognized in 1924.

Attention, Packers Of Fish!

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DOWN NEW YORK WAY

By Dion E. Woolley

The blizzard of 1935 struck this portion of benighted country last Tuesday night and all of Wednesday leaving us buried under a 17 inch blanket of the "beautiful." It was only a little sugar coating as compared with the humdinger of 1888 when depths and drifts were measured by as many feet instead of inches. But 17 inches is enough to satisfy the average city dweller. It requires only a day or two in which to dispel every trace of beauty, excepting in the parks and adjacent country reaches where it is possible to fully appreciate and enjoy winter sports as known only to the country born and bred. Out along Westchester county's enticing parkway drives it was a sight worth seeing, but the romance of the old-fashioned sleighs was wanting. Automobiles do not entirely "fit in" with the picturesque beauties of freshly fallen snow, nor do they always glide along in directions intended. An upset from a sleigh is a frolic; an upset from an auto is a tragedy; and of these there is always a plenty.

The storm did not deter attendance at the Motor Boat Show, crowds flocked to the Grand Central Palace day and night in greater numbers than last year, and purchasers were active and plentiful. Evidently interest in boats and boating is stronger than ever. The seeker of enjoyable vacations realizes the motor boat offers many advantages over the automobile. An attractive little cruiser can be bought for about \$1600, only as much as a good automobile, and with reasonable care will last three to five times as long. With accommodations for four, this little boat is practically a hotel for two couples over a week end; there is no expense for sleeping accommodations, nor for hotel or restaurant dinners. Food costs but little and much of it is free if the fishing is good. Such a cruiser will travel 18 miles an hour on remarkably little gasoline, and the total yearly cost of maintaining such a craft, including fuel over the summer week ends and winter storage, amounts to only about a dollar a day.

One couple noticed inspecting this craft and listening to this argument seemed favorably impressed, but hesitant in deciding. Finally he turned to his wife and said: "Well, Marie, make up your mind! Do we buy the cabin cruiser, or do we repaint the canoe?"

The State of Maine exhibit was, as last year, a great attraction but a trifle overshadowed by the live big game display of Vermont which occupied the desirable space allotted to Maine last year. The Maine exhibit was practically like that of a year ago, though the industrious beavers were not in evidence. The pools of salmon and other examples of Maine's piscatorial attractions drew a plentiful amount of attention and Ross McKenney, Maine guide and expert woodsman offered a unique camping display; tent and all the fixings, and demonstrated his agility in shaving with his ax using a frying pan for a mirror. In this he outdid the magnificent lies of his mythical lumberjack, Paul Bunyon.

Wall Street financiers have been noticing the encouraging condition of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad the past week, and made a record of President Percy R. Todd's statement concerning earnings for the past year, showing net profits applicable to the common stock of \$4.75 to \$5. a share after charges and preferred dividend requirements. This compares with \$5.29 a share on common stock for 1933. As of January 1st the road reported cash of \$312,639, and United States Treasury notes of \$150,000. With no bank loans or other loans, to this cash position should be added \$233,488, due from the United States government for freight shipments of cattle and potatoes which have not been paid. For all of this the Bangor & Aroostook is to be congratulated.

According to Brown's Letters the contract for the construction of additional buildings and utility at the Veteran's Hospital at Togus, Maine, has been awarded to C. P. Wills, Inc. of New York City. The contract approximates \$785,000. This should give a little boost to workmen up Togus way.

"Boze." The Courier-Gazette's interesting raconteur of Tenants

NORTH WALDOBORO REVIVAL



Evangelistic services have been held at the Methodist Episcopal church in North Waldoboro four days, and the attendance in numbers surpasses all expectations, especially when the inclement weather is considered. Burleigh M. Sylvester, evangelist, and Stanton Wells Gavitt, vocal and instrumental music are presenting "Glad Tidings" and spiritual melodies. These two talented young men are also making many

SO, ON WITH THE DANCE

Rockland To Make Merry At the President's Ball Tomorrow Night

An animated scene will be enacted at the Ocean View ball room next Wednesday, when Rockland, in common with thousands of other communities throughout the United States will give a ball in honor of President Roosevelt's birthday.

The local festivities are under the direction of Dr. Dana S. Newman, president of the Rockland Lions Club, who has associated with him a committee made up from other service organizations, comprising Earle J. Alden, Mayor Laforest A. Thurston, Louis A. Cates, Dr. Perley R. Damon, Dr. Walter P. Conley, Frank A. Tirrell, Dr. Blake Annis.

Harbor Days wants people down New York way to know "things are happening down in Maine. I don't know who has the motor boat, but there is a 'tender lost at Owl's Head, Jan. 15. White with flat bottom.' One ear is leathered an' so's tuther. In summer I live on Winter Hill; in winter I live in Somerville, ABC."

A near climax in the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case was reached a few moments before the close of the week's session Friday. Hauptmann was on the stand and throughout his examination guided by his counsel, had steadfastly denied every accusation brought by the prosecution. He denied having ever seen the Lindbergh baby dead or alive; had not manufactured the tell-tale ladder; did not write any of the notes; never had any contact with Doctor Condon and did not receive the ransom money from him; what he had of it came from his conveniently dead friend Fisch. He attempted to convince the jury of his complete innocence. He retained his nonchalance and even smiled now and then as he replied to the questions of his attorney.

Taking of his testimony of alibi required all the late afternoon of Thursday and almost to closing time Friday. The climax was reached in the few minutes remaining when the prosecuting attorney Wilentz took the witness for cross examination, and in lightning-like rapidity Hauptmann's claims were shattered by the dramatic and forceful manner in which the attorney whipped out a memorandum book found in Hauptmann's desk which convincingly verified the handwriting of the prisoner as well as his peculiar method of spelling boat as "Boad," the crucial word used in the ransom negotiation notes, and which he could not possibly deny. He was trapped like a rat. Wilentz spared no mercy in his onslaughts; the culprit was mercilessly lashed and appeared ready to incriminate himself when adjournment was declared, and the curtain drawn on the most intense scene of the trial thus far.

Just in so much as it is within one's power to prevent a wrong is one responsible for it.

PERSISTENCE PAID

N. W. Lermond Comes Home From State Capitol Bringing The Bacon

Editor of The Courier-Gazette:—

Victory at last! After waiting two months and hanging around State House lobbies for two weeks, we were granted an audience with the Governor, Executive Council and FERA Administrator, resulting in the following order, read and passed by the Council, approved by the Governor, and attested by Lewis O. Barrows, Secretary of State:

"That the persons named on the attached list be paid the sums set against their respective names for labor and material for the Science and Art Building at the Knox Arboretum, and that the said sums, amounting in the aggregate to \$2094.10 be taken from the State Contingent fund."

The Governor, Council and FERA Administrator also agree to provide the needed funds for finishing the building inside, and installing the necessary research, library and laboratory equipment, when, and as soon as the Knox Academy Association raises \$1700, the amount required to liquidate the mortgage debt. To date \$500 has been contributed, leaving some \$1200 still to be raised.

So, the sooner we can raise this amount, the sooner work can begin on inside of the building. And may we not count on our friends, nature and art lovers, to assist us in collecting in this small amount. Let everyone "chip in"—school children, pennies, nickels, and dimes; workers, (with jobs) quarters, halves and dollars; and those with incomes to warrant, five, ten, twenty-five or one hundred dollars. The State FERA Administrator also assures us that he can and will supply funds for coming eight months for the employment of help in Arboretum development. This will mean that we can accomplish as much during the coming season as we have been able to do, without help or funds, during the past eight years.

Hand, or send in your contributions to Lenore Benner, secretary Rockland Chamber of Commerce, or to the undersigned,

Norman Wallace Lermond, Director Knox Arboretum and Financial Secretary Knox Academy of Arts and Sciences, Rockland, Jan. 27.

CAME OUT AHEAD

Maine Central Made \$35,251 Over Expenses Last Year

The Maine Central railroad earned \$35,251 over and above its fixed charges during 1934, it is shown in the final figures for the year, made public at the Central Offices here today.

Net income of \$72,901 earned in December, wiped out an 11 months' deficit of \$37,650 and enabled the road to show over \$35,000 net income as compared with a net income of \$19,284 in 12 months of 1933.

The figures show that in December freight revenue of Maine Central was \$59,214 (or 8.69 per cent) better than that of the comparable month in 1933. Passenger revenue showed a decrease of \$11,750 (or 13.89 per cent) but a small increase in mail revenue and an increase of 9.77 per cent in express revenue brought the total railway operating revenue figure to \$920,867 which is \$61,628 (or 7.17 per cent) better than the showing in December, 1933.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

CARCASSONNE
"I'm sixty odd, my day is past,
I've worked and worked until I'm tired
Without making, first or last,
The youthful wish my heart desired:
I see it vain to try to build
A house of hope and get it done;
My early vow is unfulfilled,
I've never looked on Carcassonne."
"You see the city standing there
High up, beyond the mountain blue;
To reach it five long leagues you fare,
Of coming back the same is true:
The vintage, though, is my concern—
Ah! if the autumn's work were done—
The wild grapes refuse to turn,
I shall not look on Carcassonne."
"On week days there they all parade
As much as on a Sunday night;
You see them on the esplanade
In fine new clothes and robes of white:
There's lofty towers and double walls,
As high as those of Babylon.
A bishop and two generals
And I know not fair Carcassonne."
"The vicar rightfully declares
We're stupid to the last degree;
Ambition," says he in his prayers,
"Destroys us, lets us baubles be."
But if two days could be my prize
Before the autumn rains come on,
I'd die content for these old eyes
Would then have looked on Carcassonne."
"Oh! if my prayer be deemed too bold
And urgent, may God pardon me;
We see beyond ourselves when old
No less than in our infancy:
My wife and little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled near to Narbonne,
My godson has seen Perpignan,
But I have not seen Carcassonne."
Thus sang an old man of Limoux
To toll's deforming business born;
Said I, "My friend, I'll go with you,
Well start upon the morrow morn."
But, may the good God rest his soul,
He died when we had halfway gone;
He never reached the longest of goals,
He never saw fair Carcassonne.
—Translated from the French of Naudud by Daniel L. Cadry.

The Courier-Gazette

THREE-TIMES-A-WEEK

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2:10.

NOTICING

Have any of this paper's readers, gifted with the noticing faculty, noticed—

THAT so long as these pullman cars continue to achieve the modern miracle of snatching you out of the grasp of Boston's zero thermometer and in the few narrow hours ejecting you into the presence of the ubiquitous Southern orange the railroad train seems likely to retain its vogue.

THAT it should be nothing short of inscrutability on the part of providence that selects for your night occupancy a berth the overhead of which has been assigned to a gentleman whose presentation of that form of nocturnal activity is equalled and even surpassed by the tourist across the way, who is taking to Florida an emphasis in the coughing line that it will puzzle even the most ambitious tropical atmosphere to put an end to.

THAT if the lives seem happily to have fallen to you in pleasant places that are semi-tropical in their manifestation, how supercilious becomes the cast your mind takes on as you scan the weather reports out of those home regions of the north.

THAT on the other hand the persistence with which the hotel piece of cake presents itself for your consideration tinged thought with melancholy suggestion of home which no amount of monotonous sunshine can wholly eradicate.

THAT the depth of drifts where winter snows abound gives happy occasion for public rejoicing in the coverage they afford those unsightly deposits of obsolete motor cars by which the entrance to town is offended.

THAT the person you could find it in your heart to do without is the one who confesses as she sneezes the information into your face that her cold really is better.

THAT as you essay to navigate the perilous thoroughfares of the great city the hold-up man that rejoices you the most is the traffic-cop who knows his business.

THAT how quickly the lunch counter would find its occupation, like that of Othello's, gone, were it suddenly bereft of the staunch support afforded it by the three-cornered ham sandwich with a melancholy slice of pickle draped across the countenance of it.

THAT long before the automobile provided excuse for an expanded acquaintance with spirituous liquors the ancient writers employed the word singultus to describe the peculiar manifestation upon your part that caused the traffic officer to have you up before the judge.

THAT these society writers in their magazine articles conveying rules to their feminine readers on "How to hold the cigarette," omit the rule "As far off as possible from other people," the most important suggestion of all.

THAT the spider finds himself like the rest of us embarrassed with the changing etiquette forms of the society invitation. There are no parsons nowadays.

THAT as you contemplate the passing throngs giving life to the thoughts of business and of pleasure, with increasing emphasis the conviction is driven home to you, that what the new deal is clearly neglecting, is the establishing in our country's public schools of a chair for the teaching of a higher form of artistry, which the carmine smearing of the feminine countenance sorely stands in need of.

THAT your arrival in perspiring haste at the crossing sounds an immediate signal for the unloosing of a string of cars of such uncountable length as renders entirely migratory your further efforts to keep that highly important engagement.

THAT when, exiled from the familiar scenes of home, you listen to the traveler in many lands declaim upon the heavenly glory of the Southern Cross, instinctively, as the sound of his voice softens to the attent ear, your eyes uplift themselves to the eternal Northern Star and you lay a hand upon your heart.

There is a tendency for the peak in egg prices to come a little earlier each year. Not many years ago the peak was reached in December and January. Now it is reached the latter part of October or early in November.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE

Tigers Sitting Pretty—Lions and Charles Raye Establish Records

Unless something very unexpected happens the Tigers seem to be the ones destined to win the championship of the Junior High School League. They have a full game lead and should have an easy time in their last game when they meet the last place Apes. Summaries of Saturday's games:

Tigers (30)
rf, Duff, 3; lf, Poland, 2; c, Skinner, 2; 1b, Glover, 2; 2b, Billings, 1; 3b, Allen, 1; ss, Sullivan, 1; p, Pease, 1; ck, Rackliff, 1.

Gorillas (15)
lf, Hamlin, 1; 1b, Chisholm, 1; 2b, Johnson, 1; 3b, Achorn, 1; ss, Carroll, 1; p, Huntley, 5; ck, Dodge, 1; ck, Bostick, 1; ck, McKinnon, 1.

Lions (44)
lf, Harding, 3; 1b, Small, 1; 2b, Dorr, 1; 3b, Robshaw, 1; ss, Cummings, 1; p, Donahue, 1; ck, Condon, 1.

Referee, Cobb Peterson. Scorer, Mr. Libby. Time, four 6's.

The League Standing

Team	W	L	PC
Tigers	4	0	1.000
Gorillas	3	1	.750
Lions	2	2	.500
Bears	2	2	.500
Bulldogs	1	3	.250
Apes	0	4	.000

Games next Saturday, at 9 a. m.: Bulldogs vs. Bears; 10 a. m. Tigers vs. Apes; Gorillas vs. Lions.

WITH THE BOWLERS

The Benedicts fell easy victims to the Bachelors at the Star alleys the other night—probably all lamed up doing winter chores. A few more married us like Howard and it would have been a different story for he had high single (109) and his total was 19 pins better than his nearest opponent. The summary:

Bachelors—R. Young 447, V. Young 424, Delano 467, Smalley 438, Felt 418, total 2194.
Benedicts—Woodcock 380, Grover 393, Dana 419, Howard 486, Shields 460, total 2138.

McKenney and John Thomas knocked over 1041 pins in a contest with Carr and Jessen Thomas, defeated the latter couple by two teeny weeny points and nearly losing the match in the last string. John Thomas got away to a slow start, with only 90 pins, but gradually thawed out and in the four succeeding strings did 116, 107, 120 and 115. Carr had high single (122). The score:
McKinney .. 106 111 90 98 88 493
J. Thomas .. 90 116 107 120 115 548

Jordan's Jonahs overcame the hoodoo Friday night and on the Star alleys won a seven pin victory over the three blackbirds. Mason, in his usual good form, had high single (112) and high total. The summary:
Three Crows—Horrocks 513, Cummings 516, Mason 579, totals 1608.
Jordan's Jonahs—Snow 560, Jordan 544, Wall 511, totals 1615.

A team headed by Carr took a lacing at the Star alleys Friday night, the victims being a hard boiled trio headed by Smalley. McKinney had high string (124) and high total. The summary:
Carr 484, Roes 414, McFarland 432, totals 1330.
Smalley 464, Maloney 442, McKinney 512, totals 1418.

WINTER SPORTS MEET

The Rockland High winter sports team competes next Saturday with High Schools from Waldoboro, Union, Belfast, Camden, Rockport, and Thomaston at Community Park. Preliminaries will be held in the forenoon, followed by finals in the afternoon. The team, which is limited to 20 members, is composed of Edward Heller, Ted Ladd, Richard Anderson, Wendell Blackman, Robert Hills, Clarence Peterson, Ralph Rawley, Robert Chandler, Francis Haver, Sanford Delano, Dick Ellingwood, Donna deRochemont, Dorothy Thomas, Margaret Davenport, Louise Moulaison, Mary Ginn, Priscilla Lovejoy, Ruth Rhodes, Rose Planagan, Charlotte Maittall, Helen Condon, Elizabeth Tili and Dorothea Merriam. Participants will be tendered a dinner at the Congregational vestry in charge of mothers and interested friends of the students.

DURRELLITES DAZE ROCKPORT

Winning a Three-Point Victory—The Hero Of Sullivan's Flats In His Element

(By Albert McCarty)

It was a happy night for Rockland High School Saturday for to the surprise of many fans they copped both games with the speedy basketballers from Rockport. The boys' game stood 34 to 31, while the local lassies defeated the rival feminines 26 to 24. Just to show you how close both games were.

The Boys' Game

In a close, hectic and exciting game, played before a near capacity crowd, the Rockland boys topped the Rockport boys Saturday night 34-31. There were thrills and spills, one of them being Murgita's take-out of Referee Wotton. Rockland came back strong after its two previous setbacks and played a brilliant game. Getting the jump on Rockport the battle waged fast and furious with Rockland in the lead. Dondis of Rockland again was a sharp shooter scoring 9 points in the first half. Rockport played desperately trying to overcome the lead but the Rockland defense was air tight and it was because of this many heart failures did not occur.

Rockland got the tap the first half which was a deciding factor for them. Playing a superior brand to that which had been displayed Rockland showed that they were out to win. Snow, the Rockport star, who was poison for Rockland in the first game, was beautifully guarded by Johnny Karl, who never let him get in a shooting position and dogged his every feint like a shadow. Rockland was back fast on the defense and Cobb Peterson never allowed himself to be sucked out of position. The half ended with Rockland leading 16 to 8.

Rockland started the second half like a whirlwind, with Dondis scoring five points in 20 seconds and Rockport took time out to collect its wits. Snow was a high point man for Rockport, followed closely by Woodward, while Dondis was high man for both teams. The Rockland boys were not to be denied their victory and stubbornly resisted the Rockport surge. Snow was hurt this half but continued playing. The thrills of the last quarter had everyone practically tearing their chairs apart and when the final whistle blew with Rockland a 34-31 winner many spectators were more breathless than the players.

The score:

Team	G	F	P
Rockland	1	0	2
Murgita, rf	8	2	18
Dondis, lf	1	0	2
Newman, lf	2	2	6
Lord, c	3	0	6
Karl, rg	0	0	0
Peterson, lg	0	0	0
	15	4	34

Rockport

Team	G	F	P
Snow, rf	6	1	13
Moon, rf	0	0	0
Morong, lf	1	0	2
Turner, lf	3	0	6
Wentworth, c	0	1	1
Annis, rg	0	1	1
Grant, rg	0	0	0
Woodward, lf	3	2	8
	13	5	31

Referee, Brewer and Wotton. Timers, Hodgkins and Collamore and scorer, Bowden.

The Girls Game

The Rockland girls went on their winning way Saturday night, defeating the Rockport girls 26 to 24. It was rather a bumpy way, Rockland playing a ragged game, and it was not until the final whistle that the game was decided. Rockport had a much improved combination on the floor and caused a good deal of worry but the stalwart work of Morgan and Korpinen backed up by Condon, Mahoney and Foster saved the day. Both teams missed many shots.

The opening whistle showed that the Rockland girls had a battle on their hands and that Rockport was determined to avenge its previous defeat. Much aggressiveness was shown on both sides. The Rockport girls led at the end of the quarter but the Rockland hooperettes were in the lead 14 to 9 at the end of the half. Mullen and Hapworth sharing the scoring honors.

The second half saw an improvement in Rockland while Rockport was still keyed to win. The last quarter was the most exciting part of the whole game. Rockport went on a scoring spree that pretty nearly swept away the Rockland lead. At the final whistle Rockland was leading by the slim margin of two points.

Cavanaugh, Noyes, lg Marion Cavanaugh.
Points: Mullen 6, fouls 3, total 15. Hapworth 5, fouls 1, total 11. Hill 4, fouls 4, total 12. Wellman 6, total 12. Referee, Wotton and Brewer. Timers, Bowden and Collamore. Scorers: Tibbetts and Crockett.

Morse Coming Wednesday

Wednesday Rockland meets Morse on the Rockland gym floor and the local boys are primed for the battle, having lost a close battle at Bath. It is hoped that on the home floor the series may be evened. The Rockland girls are not playing this night for they have arranged to play later. In place of the girls game the Morse freshmen are coming over to take on the Rockland freshmen which will give Coach Durrell a chance to size up his material for the next season. Here's hoping to see you all there Wednesday night.

TAX ON BANK CHECKS

Was Terminated Jan. 1, But Still On Safe Deposit Boxes

The tax on bank checks terminated Jan. 1. The tax on safe deposit boxes is still in effect. Acting Commissioner of Internal Revenue Wright Matthews made this statement to clear up a misunderstanding on the part of taxpayers regarding the provisions of Section 606 of the Revenue Act of 1934 terminating the tax on checks.

The tax imposed by section 751 of the Revenue Act of 1932 on bank checks was terminated Jan. 1, by the specific provisions of section 606 of the Revenue Act of 1934. The tax of two cents does not attach to any checks, drafts, or orders for the payment of money presented for payment on and after Jan. 1, 1935.

The tax of ten per cent on the amount paid for the use of safe deposit boxes, imposed by section 741 of the Revenue Act of 1932, remains in force unless and until specifically repealed by Congress. There is no provision for the termination of this tax in the Revenue Act of 1932, or any amendments thereto.

APPLETON MILLS

Schools in town were closed Thursday and Friday because of the heavy storm.

Prayer meeting and song service will be held Thursday night with Miss Adna Pitman.

Word has been received of the death of one of the deacons in the Baptist Church, James Morse, who died in Camden. Mr. Morse who has been in failing health for some time, was tenderly cared for during his last illness by his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Morse.

Mrs. Newhall is staying at the parsonage where Mrs. Louie Watson, the pastor's wife is caring for her, until her home is in readiness for her removal there.

The W.C.T.U. meeting will be held next Friday with Miss Adna Pitman.

The road meeting concerning the Georges Valley Pike was held last Tuesday in the Grange hall. The Willing Workers served the supper and netted \$10.50.

Golden Rod Rebekah Sewing Circle will hold an all-day meeting Feb. 6 with Mrs. Jethro Pease of North Hope. Picnic dinner.

Fire recently broke out through several places in the roof of the building owned by John Newhall and only the timely presence of a large crowd of friends and neighbors who used water from two deep wells saved the buildings. Union chemical came as quickly as possible, but the fire was under control when it arrived. The house and furniture were badly damaged by fire and water. Mrs. Newhall an invalid was wrapped in blankets and taken to Dr. Tuttle's residence nearby. Mrs. Howard Davis who is also very ill was taken care of at Mrs. Barclay Miller's home.

OWL'S HEAD ROAD

The last storm was a bit bad and Owl's Head roads were not open for a short time, but this condition was not caused by neglect. The snow-pile was running until about 12:30 Wednesday night. Shortly after that there was a breakdown and repairs could not be completed until the next day. Such accidents are apt to happen to any car or truck, and Owl's Head should be proud of its faithful patrolman and the good roads he is providing.

Owl's Head, Jan. 28.

What God wants is men great enough to be small enough to be used.

MADE MORNING CALL

Visit of Patrolmen To Carter Abode Yesterday Followed By Court Trial

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Carter, tenants of Rankin block were before Judge Dwinall yesterday, the former on a search and seizure complaint and the latter charged with single sale.

The table decorations consisted of a market bag filled with empties, a gallon can which gave a slightly suggestive swish and a couple of bottles which had evidently contained contraband. These articles were found in the Carter rooms by Patrolmen Hatch and Chapman, who made the raid after Loring Harvey had told them this was the oaks whence came his Saturday night jag.

But Loring was delinquent in his arrival and told in scarcely audible undertones a very hesitant story. It was not until Patrolman Hatch confronted him with the story of the alleged confession that he finally admitted having bought alcohol from Mrs. Carter. And even then he did not exactly shout it from the rooftop.

The officers say that Mrs. Carter wanted to know how they (the Carters) were to get a living if they could not sell something.

Judge Dwinall found the couple guilty and imposed jail sentences of

WANDA'S FINE RECORD

Registered Holstein Makes New Maine Figure For Fat Yield
Over a year ago, Donald C. Chandler of New Gloucester, drove into Vermont in a truck and purchased from R. E. Eddy at Poultney, the registered Holstein cow named Wanda. Next day, after making the 16th hour truck trip, Wanda freshened with a fine heifer calf. She was put on official test and now she is in the limelight by breaking the Maine state record for fat yield in the ten-months' division as a junior four-year-old on twice-a-day milking. Her yield as reported by the Holstein-Friesian Association of America is 508.2 pounds of fat and 12,424.4 pounds of milk with an average test of 4.1 per cent. She was continued on test for the complete year and pined up a total of 544 pounds fat and 13,249.5 pounds milk. During the year's test Wanda was milked every day by W. W. Tufts.

Wanda is a granddaughter of the famous proven sire, Ormsby Sensation 45th who made a sensational record for himself in the Eddy herd. Mr. Chandler reports that Wanda was fed a daily average of 12 pounds grain, four pounds beet pulp, 15 pounds beets and 15 pounds mixed hay, except during the time she was on pastures for 132 days.

60 and 30 days respectively. Both sentences were suspended.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks pink, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes these good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resist a substitute. 25-cent drug stores. ©1931 C. M. Co.

Quicker Relief because it DISSOLVES in water, reaches stomach ready to act. Sure Relief since 1877 and Trial is Free! 25c.

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

AT YOUR **NATION-WIDE STORE** a little money can go a long way. Here is a list of savings that will attract every thrifty housewife.

JAN. 28 - FEB. 2

19¢ SALE

ALL-BRAN KELLOGG'S . . . LGE PKG 19¢
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES . . . 2 PKGS 19¢
MUFFETS QUAKER'S Whole Wheat Biscuits . . . 2 PKGS 19¢
VANILLA & LEMON PURE EXTRACTS 2 OZ BOT 19¢

COCOA BAKER'S . . . 2 1/2 LBS 19¢
JELL-O Choice of Flavors . . . 3 PKGS 19¢

CLAPP'S BABY FOOD Assorted Stained . . . 2 CANS 19¢
CORNER BEEF ANGLO . . . NO 1 CAN 19¢
HULLED CORN LAWRENCE'S . . . LGE CAN 19¢

BEAN SPROUTS COLUMBIA BRAND Use as a Vegetable . . . 2 NO 2 CANS 19¢
SARDINES NATION-WIDE Norwegian in Olive Oil . . . 2 CANS 19¢

FRUIT FOR SALAD SANTA CRUZ BRAND Fancy Quality . . . NO 1 TALL CAN 19¢
MEAT SANDWICH SPREADS DERBY'S . . . 2 CANS 19¢
MY-T-FINE DESSERTS CHOCOLATE LEMON PIE . . . 3 PKGS 19¢

CREAM TARTAR 1/4 Lb THREE CROW . . . BOTH FOR 19¢
SODA 1 Lb THREE CROW . . . 2 1 LB PKGS 19¢

RICE SPLENDID BRAND Finest Blue Rose Variety . . . 2 1 LB PKGS 19¢

MACKEREL Packed in California . . . 2 TALL CANS 19¢
SYRUP NATION-WIDE—Finest Blend Cane and Maple . . . 12 OZ BOT 19¢
AMMONIA SPLENDID BRAND . . . FULL QUART 19¢

CRIPPLED WHEAT Sunshine 28 SERVINGS TO A PACKAGE 2 PKGS 19¢
LEGION COOKIE A QUALITY SUGAR COOKIE 1b. 19¢

NATION-WIDE SERVICE GROCERS
ROCKLAND DISTRICT

Gregory's Annual LEMON SALE

All This Week

We designate as lemons, all slow sellers, broken lots, odd sizes and soiled goods of every description and take this method of clearing our stock of all such merchandise. Every purchase means a big saving of real money. Look the list over.

- 21 Young Men's Suits \$6.95 to \$14.95 One pant suits in sizes 34, 35, 36
- 25 Men's Overcoats \$16.50-\$19.50 All sizes
- 1 Men's Feather Weight Oil Slicker \$6.95 Size 40; former price \$13.50
- 1 Man's Crinklecloth Rain Coat \$3.95 Size 40; former price \$10.00
- 22 Pairs Men's White Wool Drawers 79c Sizes 32, 36, 40, 42, 44. former price \$2.00
- 50 Dozen Men's White Collars 50c Perfect goods; discontinued styles
- 4 Men's Bath Robes \$2.50 Regimental stripes; medium sizes; former price \$5.00
- 6 Boys' Overcoats \$3.95 Sizes 12, 15, 16, 17; former price \$10.00
- 3 Boys' Rubber Coats \$1.95 Sizes 8, 16, 18 Former price \$5.00
- 5 Young Men's Yellow Oil Slickers \$1.95 Sizes 16, 18; former price \$6.50
- 8 Boys' Spring Weight Reefers \$1.95 Sizes 6, 7, 9, 10; former price \$5.00
- 10 Boys' Leatherette Sheep Lined Coats \$3.95 Sizes 6, 8, 12, 14, 16, 18 Former price \$5.00
- 5 Boys' Knickerbocker Suits \$6.95 Stout sizes 15, 16, 18; former price \$12.00
- 10 Boys' Wool Jackets 95c Sizes 8, 12, 14, 16, 18 Former prices \$1.50 to \$3.00
- 3 Misses' Waterproof Suede Cloth, Belted Jackets 95c Colors, Red, Navy, Green. Sizes 14, 18, 20. Former price \$5.00
- 3 Misses' Sport Coats \$3.95 Sizes 14, 18. Former price \$6.50
- 2 Misses' Sport Suits \$6.95 Sizes 14, 20. Former price \$10.00
- 3 Misses' All Wool Tailored Coats \$10.95 Color, Navy. Sizes 16, 18, 20 Former price \$15.00
- Boys' Cotton Blouses 39c Sizes 4 to 14. Former prices 79c
- 29 Vassar Full Fashioned Union Suits \$2.00 Nearly all sizes. Former price \$3.
- 11 Pairs Men's Oxfords \$3.35 Sizes 6, 9, 9 1/2. Former price \$6.00

Other items will be added from day to day

GREGORY'S

TALK OF THE TOWN

COMING NEIGHBORHOOD EVENTS

Feb. 1—Woman's Educational Club meets at Grand Army hall.
Feb. 1—Methodist Club meets at the home of Mrs. Rita Stoddard.
Feb. 2—Knox County Winter Sports meet at Community Park.
Feb. 4—Lady Knox Chapter, D.A.R., holds "Lady Knox Tea" at home of Mrs. Mary Ladd, Walker place.
Feb. 4-10—Men's Week in Baptist Churches.
Feb. 10—Baptist Men's "go-to-church" Sunday.
Feb. 13-15—Kipp's Carnival at the High School building.
Feb. 17—Septuagesima.
Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.
Mar. 7, 8 & 9—Camden—Food Fair sponsored by Camden-Rockport Lions Club.

THE WEATHER

Knox County folks sunning themselves on Florida beaches may be interested to know that yesterday morning's temperature ranged from 15 below in the heart of the city to 32 below at Lincolnville Beach. It warmed up along toward noon (we call it warm when it gets up to zero) and last night was reasonably comfortable, with light snow covering the recently shoveled roads and sidewalks. A further moderation is taking place today, but the relentless Weather Man said it would cool off again tonight and be much colder tomorrow, though fair. And there, briefly you have the latest word from The Land of Frozen Water Pipes.

All who were solicited for grange supper last week please duplicate for this week.

Little Eleanor Libby, James street, is at Knox Hospital for surgical treatment.

A surprise program is in store for the Lions tomorrow. The name of the speaker is being withheld.

Col. F. S. Philbrick was reported yesterday to have gained the upper hands on a grip cold that sniped him some 10 days ago.

There will be a special matinee for school children at Strand Theatre Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock showing Jackie Cooper in "Peck's Bad Boy."

"Nice trip down; certainly a wonderful spot here," writes Herbert W. Healey, who has just arrived in Miami. But it is a safe venture that he will become homesick, however, unless he locates a bowling alley.

Funeral services for Mrs. Edith F. Ginn, who died at the home of her daughter in Auburn Saturday, will be held from Russell Funeral Home at 2 p. m. today. Rev. C. E. Brooks will officiate. Interment in Owy's Head.

Writing from Florida, Miss Carroll Macy says: "Despite storm warnings the sun is now out, the thermometer registers 46 degrees on the piazza, and flowers are blooming on the front lawn. Miss Macy is now at 3 Hernandez street, St. Augustine."

Elizabeth J. (Wood), wife of Charles P. Libby, died at her home on Chestnut street this morning after a long illness, aged 60 years. Private funeral services will be held from the residence at 2 p. m. Thursday, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D.D., officiating.

The story was generally current on the street yesterday that Peter Edwards had presented his resignation as commissioner of public works. Mayor Thurston stated this morning to The Courier-Gazette that no resignation had been presented to him, and a similar statement was made by City Clerk Keene.

F. A. Winslow is to be guest speaker before the Camden-Rockport Lions tonight, giving his war lecture "Sixteen Years Afterward," revised especially for Camden and Rockport. Wednesday night he delivers his new lecture "Knights of the Road" at the Baptist Circle in Thomaston, and Friday night he addresses the Woman's Educational Club.

T. E. McNamara who is down in Eagle Rock, Va., dodging sub-zero weather and blizzards, sends us copies of the Clifton Forge Daily Review and the Covington Virginian, showing the Jackson River and its tributaries went on a rampage last week paralyzing highway traffic to Eagle Rock, flooding cellars and mixing things up generally. Jim, Tim and Ant were probably resourceful enough to meet the situation. Being generously disposed we do not begrudge them a share of the troubles which seem to have swept down upon the old globe last week. "We have had a very good warm winter until now," writes Tim, "and the flood would have been much more severe if it had not turned cold. Business here is almost normal."

Another of our specials this week. Buy one bottle of Wyeth's Pine Tar Cough Syrup 35c and get one fiction book free. Corner Drug Store Inc. Tel. 378—adv.

Mrs. Mollie Russell Wynne of the Vogue Beauty Shop has just returned from Boston. While there she attended every session of the Hairdressers' Convention.—adv.

RESCUED WITH A LADDER

A young seaman, whose name was not learned, walked ashore from Barge 702 yesterday afternoon, to get the mail. Somebody moved the scenery while he was up town, said somebody being Mr. Coast Guard Cutter Kickapoo, which had opened up a 40 foot channel for navigation purposes. It was too cold to swim, and the young sailor was not athletic enough to jump 40 feet, but by skillful manipulation he got within a quarter of a mile of the barge—which had been whistling impatiently, unaware of his predicament.

And then a treacherous floe slid out from under him, and overboard he went.

His perilous position was seen by the men on the barge, who went to his assistance with a long ladder and fished him out.

That mail wasn't dry reading.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening is guaranteed everyone who attends the hilarious comedy "Cynthia's Candlesticks" at Odd Fellows hall tonight.

Adelbert L. Miles, formerly of this city, was elected to the board of trustees of the Congress Square Universalist Church at the annual parish meeting last week.

James Merrill Fernald, son of George W. Fernald, formerly of this city, has been promoted to lieutenant commander in the United States Navy. He is now attached to U.S.S. New Orleans, which is expected on the Rockland course next month for trial.

Anderson Camp, at its meeting last week made tentative plans for one of the most notable Lincoln celebrations ever given in this city. The program will offer able speakers and music of a high order. Masonic Temple has been offered for the occasion.

The ice situation in Penobscot Bay is getting to be rather precarious. Steamer North Haven encountered plenty of it yesterday and went into North Haven via the eastern route. Under a revised schedule she is leaving Rockland at 6 a. m. The Kickapoo was to have acted as convoy, but with the milder weather of today it was not thought necessary, and the "Kick" continued her harbor work instead.

Members of Fales Circle, Ladies of the G.A.R., tendered a surprise party to Capt. H. R. Huntley Saturday as an observance of his 87th birthday, those attending being Mrs. Bernice Jackson, Miss Edith Jackson, Mrs. Mary Sistaire, Mrs. Amelia Carter and Mrs. Ella Fyfe. Candy and cigars were presented to the guest of honor as gifts from the circle, and Mrs. Jackson presented a birthday cake made by her. Mrs. Susie Lamb who was unable to be present due to illness sent an individual gift. Mrs. Eliza Plummer, Capt. Huntley's daughter at whose home the party was held, served lunch, assisted by his great granddaughters, Norma and Martha Seavey.

Charles S. Small, back from a weekend trip to Lubec, reports that the sardine town has less snow than Rockland. And you will remember that last winter they had to use extension ladders to get to the top of the Lubec drifts.

Down around the Park street corner yesterday they were welcoming the return of ex-Mayor James F. Carver who has been housed up with a cold. His well known dog, Sad-Eyed Samuel, shared in the general rejoicing.

Edwin Libby Relief Corps meets Thursday for all-day sewing. Circle supper at 6 will be in charge of Mrs. Bertha Higgins, Mrs. Ada Prescott and Mrs. Effie Walsh. Business session and entertainment in the evening.

Harry T. Gushee, the new president of the Camden Business Men's Association; and Percy L. Drake its substantial treasurer and collector, were among the callers at The Courier-Gazette office yesterday, discussing over the fact that more new members—an even dozen, to be exact, had just been added, making a grand total of 65 new recruits since the year opened.

The police are investigating the charge made by Miss Mildred Smith, housekeeper for Alton McGrath of 103 Tillson avenue, that three masked men entered his candy store Sunday night, beat her up, and made away with \$120 which was concealed in a trunk in one of the upper rooms. Her story was not very lucid, but she bore signs of rough treatment. Three men who were said to tally somewhat with Miss Smith's descriptions were said to have been seen last night "whacking up" a sum of money at the foot of Lime street, and later they boarded a bus bound Camdenward.

A particularly fitting choice of president was made yesterday by the Forty Club when it selected Lloyd N. Lawrence to head its activities for the ensuing six months. Mr. Lawrence and Charles H. Berry were the two young men who originated the movement a decade ago which culminated in the formation of the Forty Club. Now the club is engaged in a militant effort to re-establish its old time strength and popularity. With Mr. Lawrence in this commendable undertaking are associated Albert S. Peterson as vice president, Harold Horrocks as secretary and Lawrence Miller as treasurer. The by-laws of the club are being revised and a most careful selection of committees made. The old Forty Club will most assuredly be heard from during the months to come.

Special combination deal, all this week:
50c bottle Cough Syrup, .50
25c box Cold Tabs, PBQ, .25
35c bottle Astr. Gargle, .35
50c bottle Rubbing Alcohol, .50
Total value, \$1.60
All for 99c
Corner Drug Store, Inc. Tel. 378—adv.

Studley's great all-bargain "Must Have Cash" sale is still in full blast with additional smash-hit values in quality furniture.—adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Plourd and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morrow are at the New England Hairdressers' Association Convention at the Hotel Statler, Boston.

Mrs. Nellie Hall, teacher of Grade V, Tyler School, is confined to her home on Rockland street due to stepping on a rusty nail. Mrs. Thelma Snow is substituting for her.

Golden Rod Chapter O.E.S. met Friday night with all the new officers in the chairs. An enthusiastic rehearsal of officers was held Sunday afternoon at the Temple, giving promise of an interesting and active year of whole-hearted co-operation. The next meeting will be Feb. 8, when the annual Past Matrons' and Patrons' Night will be observed, with Mr. and Mrs. George Orcutt in the East.

Leon Tanguay, Sparkey Upham and Oliver Hamlin went barnstorming again Sunday, making many flights with passengers at Damariscotta Mills despite the fact that it was eight degrees below zero. When they awoke yesterday morning it was 32, and not up in a strathosphere, either. Yesterday Mr. Tanguay went to Boston for a new starter and some other gear. The plane will eventually be equipped with pontoons for summer service on the Rangeley Lakes.

Members of the Maine Federation of Garden Clubs are eagerly looking forward to Feb. 6, at which time the results of the beautification survey made last summer by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lawton of New York will be made known at a midwinter session of the federation which will be held at the State Street parish house in Portland. Dr. Charles J. Bragdon of Gardiner, president of the Federation, is sending out notices to all the federated garden clubs urging them to send representatives to this meeting. A business session will be held at 11 with 1 o'clock luncheon. In the afternoon the results of the Lawton survey will be shown in picture and story form. Local arrangements for the meeting are in charge of Mrs. Fred S. Woods, with Mrs. Harrie B. Coe in charge of luncheon arrangements.

AUSTIN A. GARDNER
Funeral services for Austin Albion Gardner, who died Sunday, Jan. 20, were held at his late home on Willow street, Jan. 22, Harold Spear, First Reader of the Christian Science Church, officiating.

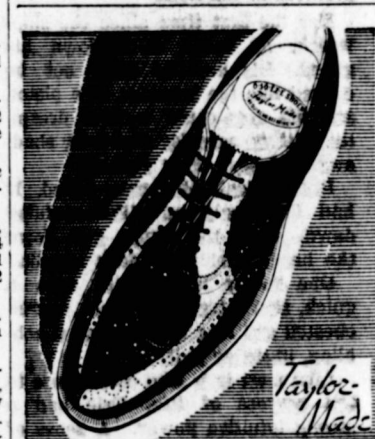
Mr. Gardner was born in Rockland, Jan. 20, 1888, son of the late Sarah (Lovejoy) and James Gardner. He was married June 3, 1916, and is survived by his wife, Nina M., daughter of the late Hiram A. and Addie N. Young.

He was employed for about 20 years as a carpenter for the W. H. Glover Company, and for the past six years had been in the employ of the Central Maine Power Company as salesman.

Mr. Gardner had been in ill health for some time, but was always cheerful and courageous. His kind and lovable nature endeared him to all who knew him, and he will be greatly missed by his many friends. He was very much interested in his home life, and was a great lover of nature.

Interment was in Achorn cemetery. The bearers were E. B. Spear, Walter H. Spear, Harry Levensaler, Herman Hart, Clinton Bowley and Gilman Seabury.

Fur work of all kinds. Alterations and repairs on garments of men and women. Mrs. C. H. Merrifield, 362 Main street, Rockland. 11-17



MEN OF TODAY
... WE HAVE JUST
THE SHOE FOR YOU

Made in an old-line plant in an old-line quality tradition—yet made in a modern way that produces value never dreamed of years ago. Styling—materials—workmanship—finish—everything about them is high grade except the price. Yes, they're shoes for the men of today, men who yesterday may have paid twice as much for a similar value.

\$5.00
McCLAIN SHOE STORE
Rockland

IN MEMORIAM
In loving memory of Dorothy and Arlene Johnson, who passed away Jan. 29, 1930.
Do not ask us if we miss them.
Oh, there's such a weeping place.
Oh, we think we hear their footsteps
As we see their loving face.
Days of sadness still come over us,
Tears in silence often flow.
Memory keeps them ever near us
Since they left us five years ago.
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Myron C. Drinkwater and family.

IN MEMORIAM
In loving memory of baby Pauline Carolyn McFarland, who passed away January 21, 1931.
You are not forgotten baby dear,
Nor will you ever be.
As long as life and memory lasts
We will remember thee.
Mr. and Mrs. Maynard McFarland.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses during our recent bereavement.
Mrs. Austin A. Gardner, Mrs. Addie N. Young and Family.

CAMDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Morrow and Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Jamieson spent the weekend in Monmouth, guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stover.

The Neighborhood Grange group consisting of Megunticook, Penobscot and Mt. Pleasant, went to Hope Saturday for the day. Dinner was served at noon, followed by business and the lecturer's hour. Despite bad weather conditions there was a good attendance and a large crowd is expected at the next meeting in February.

The Lend-A-Hand Club will meet this Tuesday evening with Mrs. Annie Small, Pearl street. Supper for members only, at 6 o'clock. The regular meeting follows the supper.

Stephen L. Gushee and Horace Robbins who were in an auto accident at Glencove were slightly shaken up but escaped serious injuries.

Mrs. Frank J. Wiley entertained the Monday Club this week.

Llewellyn Thorndike died in a Rockland hospital Monday afternoon. Funeral from Russell funeral home Thursday afternoon.

Rev. Clifford L. Peaslee of Belfast will give an illustrated travel talk Feb. 12 at the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Frank E. Morrow and Mrs. L. M. Chandler have returned from a short trip to Boston.

Anyone desiring to join the birthday greeting to President Roosevelt may call at the Western Union office and sign the telegram by leaving 25 cents. This message will be forwarded to New York where the names will be put on a huge telegram to be delivered to the President at the White House. Proceeds will be used for the Warm Springs Foundation.

Leslie Irving, four-year-old son of Bertrand and Louise Wentworth Egley of Lincolnville, died Friday. The funeral was held Sunday from Good's funeral home. Rev. Willis R. Ford of Lincolnville officiating. The body was placed in the receiving tomb until spring when interment will be made in Lincolnville.

The funeral of James B. Morse, 79, will be held from Good's funeral home Wednesday at 1 o'clock. The deceased leaves a wife, three sons and three daughters. He was a resident of Appleton but was spending the winter in Camden.

Miss Lucille Heath, a student at the Ballard Business College, recently passed the official Gregg 100-word shorthand test for the month of January.

The Camden-Rockport Lions Clubs will have as guest speaker tonight Frank A. Winslow of The Courier-Gazette, who will give his lecture "Sixteen Years Afterward," dealing with Knox County's part in the World War. Special attention will be given to Camden and Rockport service men. Miss Dorothy Ware is attending the Ballard Business School in Rockport, specializing in stenography.

The funeral of Charles J. Drinkwater, 82, who died Sunday at the home of his son, Captain William Drinkwater in Ipswich, Mass., was held from Good's funeral home this morning at 11 o'clock. Beside Captain Drinkwater, he leaves two other sons, Elmer Bates Drinkwater of Wilton; Myron Drinkwater of Rockland; and one daughter, Mrs. Ralph Wooster of Bangor.

Frederick Richards, 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burnside Richards, who was injured Saturday night while coasting on Thomas street, died at Community Hospital Monday afternoon without regaining consciousness.

He had turned into Washington street when his sled hit a truck operated by Lawrence Gray, who drove into a snow bank but was unable to avoid a collision. Besides his parents he leaves three sisters, Mrs. Robert Mayhew, Georgia and Florence Richards; and six brothers, Clifton, Keith, Albert, Raymond and Kenneth of this town and Norman of New York City, now in the United States Army. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

Frederick Wiley
Frederick Earle Wiley, 42, died at his home in Lincolnville Saturday, following a long illness. He was born in that town, son of Frederick and Nellie (Colburn) Wiley. He leaves a mother; one sister, Mrs. Helen E. Rankin of Lincolnville; and four brothers, Donald Wiley of Rockland and Ralph, James and Carroll Wiley of Lincolnville. The funeral was held Monday from Good's funeral home, Rev. Willis R. Ford officiating. The body was placed in the receiving tomb until spring when interment will be made at Hope Corner.

Baptist Church Notes
A nursery class for children too young to attend church will be conducted Sunday mornings from 11 to 12. Parents while attending church may leave their children in this class which will be under the supervision of Mrs. Agnes Ware and assistants.

The Philathea Class met at the church parlor Friday evening and after a short business session, the remainder of the evening was devoted to a surprise for Miss Teresa F. Arau in observance of her birthday anniversary. Games were played and a social time enjoyed with refresh-

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ments served, the main features being a birthday cake and a shower of post cards.

The Girls Guild meets Wednesday after school.

The Philathea Class will meet Friday evening at the church parlor with Mrs. Grace Upton and Mrs. Rita McKay as hostesses.

Boys Craft Club will hold its session directly after school Thursday.

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When a maid or home helper is needed, the easiest way to secure one is through the "Help Wanted" column in The Courier-Gazette. Simply Phone 770.



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—With his yacht, the Intrepid, practically abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter, Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. He unsuccessfully tries to engage Eric Ericsson, holding master's papers but at the time unemployed. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescript stragglers there. A gigantic Pole called Sandomar, deaf but not dumb, is their leader. At the request of Captain Wayne, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric engages to sail as chief officer.

CHAPTER II.—Horton is seeking uncharted islands of which he has heard. Wayne and Ericsson look on the voyage as a wild-goose chase. Van attracted by his crowd, strength, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of interest in each other, if not of love.

CHAPTER III.—The Intrepid is deliberately wrecked by one of Sandomar's crew. Eric takes command of a small boat in which are Horton, his mother and daughter, Nan's maid, Marie, and Roy Stuart, and the necessary crew. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Wayne and leave the ship with his crew. Wayne has thrown Eric a revolver.

CHAPTER IV.—Aleut Indians help the party ashore. From one of them, "Chechago," speaking a little English, Eric learns there is no communication with the outside world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, also knowing English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar, backed by his crew, declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, coveys them for the time, declaring he is the law.

CHAPTER V. CONTINUED

All work, both by brown and white, was to be under Eric's general direction. If disputes arose, he would settle them. He laid down the proposition that the soil belonged to the Aleuts; that the conquerors could exploit them, make them labor, rule them, but they must not starve them, steal from them, or shed their blood. The sailors could have only Aleut girls of proper age who gave themselves willingly; they could share the hunters' wives, an old Aleut custom, only with the husbands' consent. If any man broke this law, or committed murder, or mutinied against the captain, he would be killed.

"There can be no appeal," Eric said in a low, grave tone. "There'll be no chance for a second offense. The lives of the whole party are at stake. I myself will sentence the law-breaker and carry out the execution."

Nan's look was sullen—all her life she had given commands, never obeyed them, and discipline was a word she did not know—but why did her heart leap up? Her gaze was dark with resentment, yet it could not turn from the Viking form in the blowing mist, the bright erect head, the grave face for the moment alight with the flame of idealism, the eyes blue with the essence of the eternal sea. She almost hated him for dominating her, and despised herself for the thrill of it.

On Chechago's advice, Eric divided his forces into three parties, the first to kill sea-lions hauling out to breed on the beach, the second to gather eggs and net birds on the rotting treacherous shale of the bluffs, and the third, mostly squaws, to spear, clean and dry a small early school of salmon that had escaped the half-built fish-trap.

Among the squaws at the drying rack was a lean little woman with lively motions. It was Mother Horton. With Marie's help she was cutting into strips and hanging the fish fast as her "slimer" could supply them.

The "slimer" had slender, once-lovely hands. Eric watched them a full minute before she looked up. It was Nan, and she had deliberately chosen the hardest, most disagreeable chore in sight. She was kneeling on the creek bank, cleaning fish. Her hands and face were blood-stained, stiff with slime and scales, her fingers were bleeding from fin-scratches, and she was sobbing, half in fury, half in pain.

She saw him and sprang to her feet. With the sleeve of her parka she wiped her face of its stain and tears. "I wasn't crying," she told him angrily. "I got sand in my eyes."

"You'd better stop till you get it out. . . . And I didn't mean you to do this, anyway."

"I'm not doing it for you." Her drawn pale cheeks began to darken. "If you think I am, you're making the biggest mistake of your life. I'd have starved before I let you force me to do anything."

"It wouldn't have been for me, anyway," Eric said gravely. "It would be for Law, which I'm trying to represent. I have nothing to win or lose."

She whirled on him in swift fury, letting go everything. "That's isn't what you told Sandomar last night. Would you mind saying which girl you referred to? I don't think it was Marie. You must know she's engaged to Wilcox—but perhaps

that wouldn't make any difference to you."

"I referred to you, of course."

"How do you know but that I'm in love with Roy? Or did you just mean to take me away from him—by force, if necessary. Well, you can give that up, once and for all. I'll clean fish, or anything else, for the welfare of the party; but don't think I'm ever going to be your squaw, even if we stay here the rest of our natural lives. If I take anyone here, it will be Roy."

Somehow Eric managed to smile. It was one of the few successful bluffs he had ever made. "I'm sorry you took that seriously."

She seemed stunned. "Didn't you mean it?"

"Naturally not. I supposed you saw through it. Even me like Sandomar show some restraint to another man's girl. If he thinks there's a clear field, he'll be twice as dangerous."

Nan looked down, her eyes dry



"I'm Not Doing It for You." Her Drawn Pale Cheeks Began to Darken.

now and oddly dark. "I beg your pardon."

"You needn't. It's a worth-while field, but I'm not in it. And if you're in love with Roy, I wish you'd marry him—here in the chapel. I'll say the same to Marie and Wilcox. It would save a lot of trouble, make you two girls far safer."

"I'm not in love with Roy—yet. Nor with anyone."

"Try to fall soon, won't you? And now we understand each other, let me ask you not to clean any more fish. The squaws don't mind doing it; they'd rather sit down to a nice messy job like this than to stand out in the cold water. Take a spear and try your hand, beside your father. It's exciting and the sand won't get in your eyes."

Eric turned quickly, he could not wear the mask much longer. Pride! It was his own private devil. For pride's sake he had cast away the most fair and staid hope that had ever touched his heart.

"Tant might he built a barricade for Nan's turf-house, and moved an old lone squaw so he could have a small hut to himself. It was centrally located, and by knocking out a block of turf, he made a window to hear Nan's or Horton's softest call. The oaken door was of a shily cubby, cut up by the sea long ago, and its bolt of stone could not be forced without giving an alarm. Here he, too, could sleep secure from a surprise attack."

Tired from the day's toil, Sandomar's gang went to their hut at sundown. Though they might plot and threaten, they would make no trouble tonight.

He awakened with a heavy heart just before dawn. What if he did win this island war with the elemental powers? For the others—life, freedom, the pursuit of happiness; for him, what gain? Only a succession of other wars with wave, storm, and crag—continued bondage to his idealism—the search for the distant lighthouse that ever faded from his sight. Love? He had denied it. No girl like Nan would ever cross his trail again; she was the one girl whose steel could strike fire from the flint of his soul, whose greatness called to his own greatness since the dawn of time; and he had been afraid to fight for her!

It must be that his Viking blood had paled in his veins, that the high place in the world he had willed to win was a fool's dream; otherwise he would have his way to Valhalla for a mate like Nan!

Suddenly he was called from his thoughts by a subdued sound outside his window. Save for the stillness of the hour he would never have caught it, and there was no earthly reason why his heart should fling against his side. . . . But there was an unearthly reason. In the deep of his sailor soul he knew that this was destiny. All was not lost—he was to be given another chance.

A dim white figure stole by his hut and vanished in the dusk of the creek bank.

Slipping on his parka and mukluks, Eric quietly followed, but he was within fifty yards of the stream before he saw the ghost again. It looked almost too bulky for a river spirit, but presently it moved weirdly, lost all animate shape, and then seemed to separate into two entities. One of these, and Eric knew it was a discarded parka, fell and collapsed on the ground; and the other stood for a few brief, breathless seconds in silhouette against the dark water.

Eric did not turn and creep away. By Thor and Woden, such folly was behind him! He waited, breathless, his presence unguessed, and a soft voice came stealing through the dark.

It was Nan's, and she was addressing pagan gods. "I am not asleep," she said bravely, as the icy flood almost took her breath. "I am not dead. I am alive."

A moment later she had slipped on her warm fur parka and was hurrying back to the turf-house. She did not see Eric till she was almost upon him, then she flung back with a gasp. He did not speak, but she recognized him instantly.

"Spying?" she whispered, bitterly. "Yes, and glad of it."

"I thought at least you were a gentleman."

"I didn't come any nearer than this, although I wanted to. I don't ask you to forgive me—I'd do it again. But I do want your forgiveness for the lie I told you today."

"What lie? I told you, you can tell me in the morning."

"I want to tell you now. It was the blackest, biggest lie of my life. I said that I didn't mean my declaration to Sandomar. I did mean it, from the bottom of my heart. I am in the field. I want you for my own."

Nan stood very still. Her eyes were long black shadows in the white blur of her face; but he could not guess their message. "If it was a lie, what did you say today, I'm glad you took it back," she told him quietly, at last. "I think you are a gentleman—after all."

"And you are the loveliest, bravest girl I've ever known. I knew it when I saw you by the salmon pool—but I tried to dismiss you as unattainable. But I'm going to fight for you now. I'm going to try to win you away from Roy. You are my mate—and if I lose you, I lose all the world."

Nan gazed long and dreamily across the water to the glimmer of dawn. A child's sweet look was on her lifted face. "I'm glad you want me," she told Eric at last. "It almost makes me think that there is something to me after all—not just a spoiled young helleon—but Eric, it will be a hard row. The odds are all against you, you see that. This island adventure is only an interlude in our lives. Some day we'll go back . . . and you must stay by the sea and the snow. Besides, you're competing against a dominant man, a man who always takes what he wants, and who's got a head start."

Eric's heart only leaped the stronger. "But you are mine for the winning!"

"For the winning, yes. I take back what I told you today, there's no insurmountable barrier. I'm going in now, Eric. I'm not cold any more, but I'll see you in daylight."

"It's daylight now," Eric's low voice had a jubilation she had never heard. He looked out to the grim headlands, just emerging from the dark. "It's the most beautiful summer day I ever saw."

She smiled, and stole away. Excited, Eric walked down the beach, the seaweed in his hair, the glimmer of a new dawn in his eyes.

In the next day's toil, Eric had cause to remember Nan's expressions of Roy. This deep-thinking cynic was no fish out of water, but a power to be reckoned with, a dangerous rival for Eric's leadership. He had found his bearings and was coolly setting out to master his environment. If he were so strong here, how could Eric compete with him on his own ground?

Roy had called Eric's attention to a black bog behind the bluffs. "It's a low grate of peat," he said. "I've seen the like in Ireland. Get the men to cut out squares and set 'em out to drain. In a few weeks we'll have a new fuel and con devour considerable quantities of animal fat into the larders."

Eric rejoiced, without a trace of jealousy. This might spell the difference between plenty and famine in the grim months to come. But the gulf between the leaders remained unbridged.

As they were helping the hunters complete their fish trap, ready for the salmon run, Roy proposed that it be extended so that it cover the channel. "Then we'll get every fish that comes up. As it is, at least a fourth will get by."

"We've got to spare enough for breeding stock," Eric answered. "Salmon come back to the stream where they spawn. If we catch them all, four years from now there won't be a fish to be seen."

It was another clash of viewpoints. "Do you expect to be here four years from now? Thank God, I don't! Let's take the cash and let the credit go."

But Eric stood by his guns. "It's not our island. We're invaders, but we're not Huns, to destroy as we go. Moreover, it's only too possible that we may be standing on this very bank not only four, but ten years from now, waiting for the salmon run." He turned to Chechago, his bailiff. "Tell the men to build the trap as usual."

"I don't understand your point of view," Roy said. "Surely you aren't trying to pander to the natives." "I was pandering only to my

sense of right and wrong," was the grave answer. "That may seem laughable to you, but it's a fact. And it's true I'm trying not to antagonize the natives any more than I can help."

"You've already antagonized 'em. Certainly you don't imagine that they've taken kindly to this little monarchy you've set up. They'll rise against you, against your friends, too, the first chance they get. If Sandomar uses his head—and you know he has a good one—he can lead them in a revolt that will sweep us all into the sea. The only sensible thing now is to go the whole hog, rule 'em with an iron hand, regard the island not as their property but ours, and make it so tough for them that they'll gladly break their taboo to help us find our way back to civilization."

Roy went on. "We'll let that go for now. But there's another matter we won't let go. I refer to what you told Sandomar the first night on the island."

Eric turned gravely. "That I wanted one of the girls?"

"Yes. I thought at first you must refer to Marie, or that possibly it was just part of your bluff. Since then I've noticed your attitude toward Nan, and I heard your voice, though I couldn't hear what you said, when you accosted her this morning. I've been forced to the conclusion that you meant Nan, and meant it seriously."

Eric's eyes turned gray. "I did mean Nan. And I did mean it seriously."

"Then I'm obliged to tell you—lay off! That's simple and plain, isn't it? I'll tolerate your seizing the reins here, but I won't stand to see you paying court to my prospective wife."

Eric's anger had been rising like the tide before a gale, but suddenly it ran out and left him struggling with a smile. "Isn't she the one to decide about this?"

"Unfortunately, not. As dictator here, you feel that you have the right to protect the Aleuts against an invader's ruthlessness. As Nan's friend, I have to protect her against her own folly. I concede that you are a gentleman; still in any normal state of affairs you wouldn't have a dog's chance with Nan. You could give her nothing, she would have to give you everything. You could never fit into her life, or she in yours. But out here, where every old standard is wiped away, she is likely to lose her head. You may make a primitive appeal to her, I can understand that very well, and sweep her off her feet; then there'd be another shipwreck when we get back to civilization. I mean to protect her against that—and protect you, too."

Eric's smile was now open and broad. "You needn't worry about me."

"Does that mean you'll confine your energies to running the island?"

"It means I can look out for myself. Moreover I think Nan can, too." Eric's smile faded, and he faced Roy straight. "Anyway, my attention to Nan are nobody's business but hers and mine, and if I can possibly get her, I'm going to do it."

Roy did not answer for a long time. At last his lips curled. "I see that your idealism is only for outside consumption; the welfare of your shipmates doesn't cut much ice when your own desires are involved. True, I respect you for that—it's fact, not fiction—but in secret you can remember that I'm your enemy."

Eric was ringed about with enemies. On all the island, he had only one staunch and unfailing ally—Mother Horton. Felix Horton leaned on him against his will, Wilcox looked to Roy as his chief, and would take his side in any break with Eric; Marie adored her mistress, blew hot and cold with her, and Nan herself was half-pal, half-foe. Sandomar and his men secretly plotted his death.

Where did the Aleuts stand? Without their friendship, Eric could not win. But they, too, resented his law. Eric could control the natives only so far as he could sway their priestesses; and he could sway as well stake his life on tomorrow's weather! Fireheart was her rightful name—she was as one of the elements—and she obeyed her own law.

When he passed by the shrine on the fourth evening, she called him in throaty, throbbing tones, "White Chief!"

He paused, and she came to the doorway. In her slanted eyes was a gleam that stirred his pulse, calling to the brute that slept in some black cellar of his brain, but her dark skin repelled him.

"You no come see Fireheart heap much," she chided gently.

He paused, and she came to the doorway. In her slanted eyes was a gleam that stirred his pulse, calling to the brute that slept in some black cellar of his brain, but her dark skin repelled him.

"You no come see Fireheart heap much," she chided gently.

"I've been working hard, to get food for the people."

"But you no get Fireheart food

she want. She mighty hungry, mighty thirsty." She smiled sweetly. "You no catch'm love yet?"

"Not yet, Fireheart. But I want you to be my friend."

"Your skin like snow. Maybe your heart like ice. Fireheart, she no want be your friend, she be your girl! Maybe you think Fireheart no so pretty as girl who come in boat. Maybe you think no white man want her. But fine, big white man come to her last night, say he take her, say he want her heap."

She did not fall to see that this shot went home. "Who was it?" Eric asked quickly.

"Man whose skin like milk, hair like dry grass. He say his name Swede." She smiled and nodded.

"He promise take Fireheart to white man's country, treat her fine. Fireheart no give to him yet, but maybe she will if White Chief no catch love pretty quick."

Eric's flesh crawled at the prospect—the virgin priestess of the lost isle in the arms of the worst cut-throat in Sandomar's crew—but when he opened his lips to protest, the ringing words would not come. How little and futile was one man's power!

"I'd rather you married one of your own tribe," he told her at last. "I no want Aleut. I white girl."

He saw her dusky skin, her straight coarse hair, her slanted eyes. "Then if you want Swede, take him. He won't carry you away with him—if he does, he'll not stay with you—but if you're determined to have a white man, I suppose he's as good as any."

The eager light died in her eyes. "I no want him! I tell you big lie. Fireheart she feel cold, sick, when Swede touch her, put arm around her. I want you, man I see in dream." Her voice gathered power. "When you touch hand, Fireheart she no cold, she warm like when sun comes through cloud. She no sick, she feel like she fly if air like ponchike. If you no catch love soon, Fireheart think maybe she die."

But Eric could only turn aside. "If Swede makes trouble for you, come and tell me. And remember what I said—that love comes when it comes, and no man can catch it. Now let you and me be friends."

The girl gazed dreamily away. "Maybe you never catch love for Fireheart," she murmured at last. "Maybe you want girl who come in boat. I hear you say so first night you come, but Fireheart make prayer she no hear right. But maybe she did hear right."

And now Eric must deal in half-lies. The safety of his whole party was at stake. "I think the girl you mean intends to marry Roy. I don't suppose I could get her, no matter how much I want her."

"Fireheart make prayer he get her quick, so you no think of her no more. Then maybe you want Fireheart." A low red flame shone through the black iris of her eyes. "But she tell you, she no common squaw, she priestess of lost people. She no wait till she old woman for you come take her. She love hard—like big tide in full moon—but no love like devil-wave sweep over rocks."

In the meantime, Sandomar's gang had kept the law. Although their looks were sullen, they worked steadily and well. But Eric knew that this was only the calm before the storm. His guard did not relax, but tightened with the passing days. Darkened by fears, plagued by evil dreams, his nerves constantly on edge, he longed for the blow to fall, so the war could end either in definite victory or hopeless defeat.

When the knife-cut on his ridge-pole recorded seven days—when seven eternities had come and gone since his exile on Forlorn Island—he had gone to a lonely reach of beach to scout game. Sandomar's men were working quietly at the nets and traps. The Aleuts seemed cheerful, and the weather was worth recording in picture writing in the archives of the tribe.

For the first time since the shipwreck, he could take down his guard. His muscles need not be cocked like the hammer of a pistol, and his eyes could wander dreamily, with no care for flickering shadows just past their corners.

But suddenly the truth ended. It had been only an illusion—false dawn. Over the dunes and down the beach came two dark figures.

One was a little man, with a quick, short step. The other, barrel-chested and long of arm, had a hobbling, unsteady gait.

Like most men who dwell close to the sources of life, Eric had a strong intuitive power. A sense of grave peril hung over him. Somehow he knew that this open strand was to be the scene of one of the great crises of the island adventure.

Still the two nearing figures made no suspicious movements. Sandomar talked idly, Eric could see his head turn, and frequently Garge's little hand lifted to reply. To a casual view neither man was armed. The heavy ten-foot pole on Sandomar's shoulder was merely a piece of driftwood he had dug out of the sand and could well be carrying home for the supper fire. Garge had a stone the size and shape of a big potato in plain sight in his hand.

Eric's own right hand fell to his side, in quick reach of his revolver, as his foes trudged near.

"I found this 'ere stone on the beach," Garge began when he was ten paces off. But he did not stop—still talking, he followed Sandomar until both men stood within six feet of their prey. "The old lady said she wanted a pestle for mashing up breadroot, and I thought this 'ere might do."

Eric hardly heard him. His thoughts were fairly flying, seeking deliverance. That these two foes had come deliberately to kill him

he had not the least doubt. To lose his head meant to lose his life. . . . But that danger was passed now. Suddenly his fears scuttled away like coyote cubs, and he was cold and deadly as a she-wolf. By G-d, they would get it! He would not wait for the trap to spring, but would strike first and hard.

He could spare the two cartridges. The only question was the best and safest way to carry out his iron resolve. In his present stand, he could not reach for his pistol. Both men would attack at once, and though he might down one of them, the other would be almost certain to get in a fatal blow.

"I saw a better stone for the purpose just a few seconds ago," he said thoughtfully. He backed a few feet, his eyes on the ground.

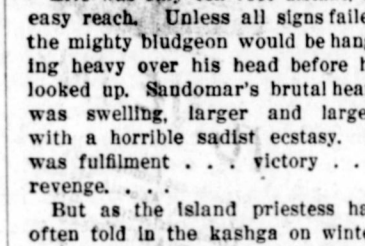
Apparently he had dropped his guard. Actually it was as strict as ever. He was not searching for stones, but watching the long shadows of his enemies, cast by the low sun.

The shorter shadow never wavered. Garge's eyes were quick as a rat's; perhaps he saw through Eric's trick. Anyway, it was not in his make-up to attack from the front, even though the hated stern eyes were lowered. He made the first move to warn his companion.

But before the fingers of his untrained left hand could waggle their message Sandomar's fury and hatred broke from his leash. He did not whirl to strike sideways with the pole. Eric was already out of reach of such a blow. Instead he jerked the short end of the pole straight down, with all the superhuman strength of his long biceps. As the long end flew up he meant to change hands, his left at the pole-end and his right far enough back to give him leverage, then strike down as with a club.

Eric was only ten feet distant, in easy reach. Unless all signs failed the mighty budgeon would be hanging heavy over his head before he looked up. Sandomar's brutal heart was swelling, larger and larger, with a horrible sadist ecstasy. It was fulfillment . . . victory . . . revenge.

But as the island priestess had often told in the kashga on winter



As the Sweeping Barrel Came Level With Sandomar's Breast Eric Pulled the Trigger.

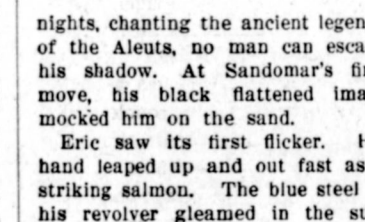
nights, chanting the ancient legends of the Aleuts, no man can escape his shadow. At Sandomar's first move, his black flattened image mocked him on the sand.

Eric saw its first flicker. His hand leaped up and out fast as a striking salmon. The blue steel of his revolver gleamed in the sunlight. On his face was a look of doom.

As the sweeping barrel came level with Sandomar's breast, Eric pulled the trigger. . . .

But the silence held. There was only a futile click of the hammer against the breach. The gun had misfired.

TO BE CONTINUED



"With this Ring..."

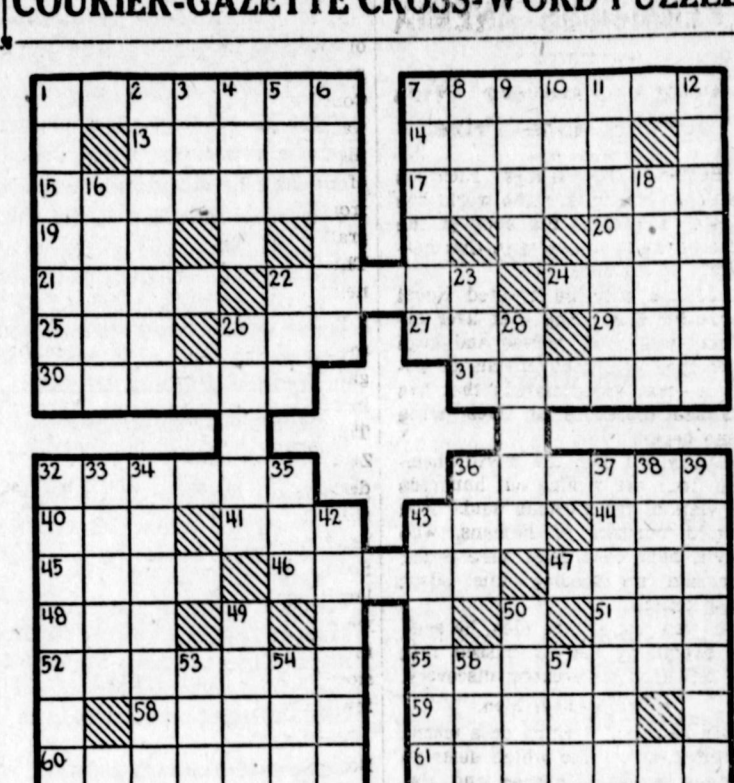
SUCH a scene should never be played to empty pews—and, say what you please, a full church means good advance notices. Most of all, plenty of invitations—aristocratic-looking ones, beautifully engraved. Such invitations should be engraved upon the rich, vellum-like texture of Linweave Wedding Papers. May we show them to you?

The Courier-Gazette

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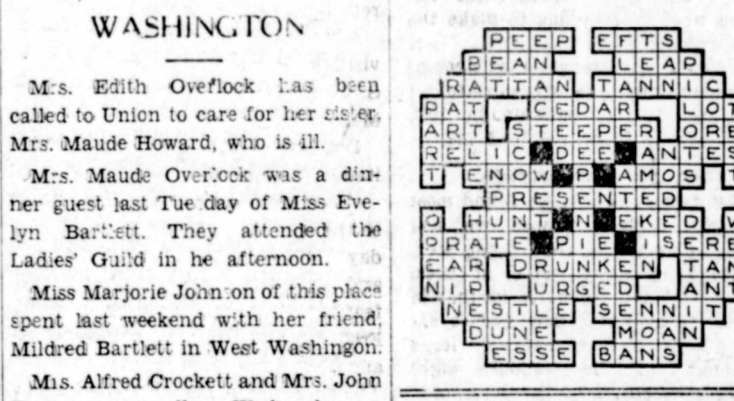
WEDDING PAPERS

COURIER-GAZETTE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- | | | |
|--|---|-----------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | HORIZONTAL (Cont.) | VERTICAL (Cont.) |
| 1-A text-book | 46-More gentle | 12-Make larger |
| 7-Bragged | 47-A continent | 16-Rustic |
| 13-River in France | 48-Jonged | 18-An element |
| 14-Pertaining to the inside | 51-Irregular (abbr.) | 22-A dance |
| 15-Emblem of Neptune | 52-Teach | 23-Bow the head |
| 17-Holds back | 55-Roughened | 26-Specks |
| 19-One of a barbarous Asiatic race | 56-Lid | 28-Dagma |
| 20-Nipped | 59-Consumed | 32-Wanderers |
| 21-Ireland (poet.) | 60-Device for removing seeds (pl.) | 33-Made a mistake |
| 22-Dress with the back out of water (Bot.) | 61-Standing above and out of water (Bot.) | 34-A vegetable |
| 24-Silent | | 35-Consume |
| 25-Moved rapidly | VERTICAL | 37-Designates |
| 26-River in Poland | 1-Collects | 38-River in France |
| 27-In no manner | 2-Silly | 39-Covered with turf |
| 29-Prefixed. Not | 3-Medical (abbr.) | 40-Grows smaller toward the end |
| 30-Stumblers | 4-Carriage | 43-One to whom a lease is granted |
| 31-Protect | 5-Girl's name | 49-Rescue |
| 32-Narrate | 6-Send back | 50-Despise |
| 36-Part of a flower (pl.) | 7-Commanded | 53-Kind of fish |
| 40-Raw metal | 8-Unit | 54-Territory (abbr.) |
| 41-Perched | 9-Prefixed. Against | 56-Part of a pig |
| 43-Permit | 10-Ocean | 57-Country of Europe (abbr.) |
| 44-Scatter seed | 11-A bishop's throne | |
| 45-Sciences | | |

(Solution to Previous Puzzle)



WASHINGTON

Mrs. Edith Overlock has been called to Union to care for her sister, Mrs. Maude Howard, who is ill.

Mrs. Maude Overlock was a dinner guest last Tuesday of Miss Evelyn Bartlett. They attended the Ladies' Guild in the afternoon.

Miss Marjorie Johnson of this place spent last weekend with her friend, Mildred Bartlett in West Washington.

PERFECTS CURE FOR PERNICIOUS ANEMIA

Doctor's Discovery Wins for Him Nobel Prize.

Boston.—Dr. George Richards Minot is the name. The world has beaten a path to his door at the Thorndyke laboratories in City hospital.

He has won the coveted Nobel prize for discovering that liver extract from cows, horses and hogs will cure pernicious anemia in humans—that dread malady that has claimed thousands of lives since time began.

Today, all over the world chemical firms are turning out hundreds of vials of the precious fluid. And untold numbers of humans, who might have been dead were it not for him, are sending him silent benedictions.

It was just a mere idea, he said, in explaining how it passed that he fell upon his eventful discovery.

Noted Medical Men.

He had been working on a means to cure the disease which destroys organs, stomach, nerves and tissues. Perhaps it was atavism that impelled him. For wasn't his great-grandfather the second professor of medicine at Harvard. And his great-grandfather, grandfather and father before him distinguished medical men?

In 1923—to use his own words—he had an embryonic thought. If that mysterious fluid which the liver requires could not be supplied by the system, why couldn't he adapt that manufactured naturally by animals?

Toward the last he was joined in perfecting the discovery by another young and famous savant, Dr. William P. Murphy, who shares the Nobel honors with him.

Explaining the chronology of his momentous contribution to medical science, Doctor Minot said:

"Others thought that in pernicious anemia, blood was destroyed too fast. I chose to think that blood stopped growing."

"It seemed to me that the victims needed something to make the blood sell grow."

"And then I thought that liver of animals might be appropriate. I started treating patients in 1925 and Doctor Murphy joined me."

Treatment Succeeds.

"A year after that we found most of the forty-five cases we had treated with liver were doing well. Instead, of dying, some of them lived. That indicated to us that in order to stay well they had to eat or put in their stomach a large amount of liver—about eight ounces—a day."

"Now that's an awful big amount to ask a fellow to eat. The next question, therefore, was what is the nature of the substance in liver that does this. Dr. Edward J. Cohn of Harvard Medical school studied the nature of the substance."

At this point, Doctor Minot said, they evolved a liver extract, which they tested. They found that a tablespoonful of liver extract taken by mouth would do quite as well as asking people to eat eight ounces of liver."

"As time passed, we found that the extract may be given by needle into the muscle. When given this way, it is thirty times as effective as by mouth, and assures the patient that he will retain it in the system and no trouble had in its absorption by the stomach or intestines."

If a person does not get cured by Doctor Minot's toxin, there are three reasons, he said. He wasn't given enough of the extract; the diagnosis was wrong; or he had a complication—such as pneumonia—serious enough in itself to cause death.

Airplane Tour Reveals

Numerous Fossil Beds

Winslow, Ariz.—Aerial surveys for the purpose of discovering potential fossil beds in this district will be made in the near future, with Winslow as the base of operations. It has been announced by Dr. Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

Doctor Brown, with his pilot, D. A. McIntyre, of Tulsa, were recent visitors here on the last leg of a 9,000 mile flying trip over Montana, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona.

He is expected to return to New York, later this season from Wyoming and Montana, where it is said he has discovered nearly a carload of fossils.

Build the Pyramids

Strictly speaking, the pyramids are really glorified graves. They were built to be tombs for Egyptian kings of the fourth dynasty. The Great Pyramid was built about the year 4700 B. C. by Khufu (or Cheops). This pyramid is 150 feet higher than St. Paul's cathedral and weighs about 6,940,000 tons.

The pyramids are a solid mass of stonework and contain at the center one or more tomb chambers, reached by long galleries.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Number Thirteen

Various theories of the origin of the superstition surrounding the number thirteen are advanced, but probably the one most widely circulated is that it arose from the fact that thirteen persons sat down to the last supper with Christ, just before the betrayal by Judas. The superstition that Friday the thirteenth bodes evil to mankind is explained by the fact Friday became sacred as the day of the crucifixion.

VINALHAVEN

A. D. (Donald) Patterson, formerly of this town, has just been elected eminent commander of Massena (N. Y.) Commandery, Knights Templar, and was installed to that position Friday night. The new commander is a son of the late Arthur U. Patterson, and from his schooldays on has had a very gratifying habit of "making good." This latest honor shows his prominence and popularity in his new home.

It has been a snowy week in this town. A blustering snow storm began Wednesday night, with high wind, increasing and continuing through Thursday—the worst storm for years. Zero weather followed the blizzard, and deep drifts formed a crust, making roads impassable. The no school signal was sounded at 7.30 a. m. and at noon. No boat or mail from Rockland until Friday night. Shovelers were out bright and early Friday morning in full force and streets and sidewalks were made passable in a few hours.

Mildred Robertson has returned to Boston.

Mrs. Herbert Patrick entertained the Mother and Daughter Club Friday night. First honors at cards went to Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson, second to Mrs. Walter H. Ingerson.

Rev. and Mrs. N. P. Atwood have returned from a trip to Boston.

On account of the blizzard Union Church Circle was postponed. The next supper will be held in the vestry Feb. 7, with the same housekeepers. Members will please furnish the same as for last Thursday.

At the meeting Sunday evening at Union Church duets were sung by Lida Ames and Edith Beckman; Dorothy Cobb and Flavilla Arey.

Mrs. Emil Coombs entertained the Carver Street Bridge Club Wednesday evening at her home. Honors went to Mrs. Albert Carver and Mrs. Scott Littlefield.

P. A. White and William Smith have returned from Bangor.

Mrs. Harold Marston who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Vinal, has returned to Springfield, Mass.

DeValois Commandery, K. T., holds its regular meeting Friday night.

Mrs. Charles Webster was hostess to the Bridge Eight at her home Friday night. Supper was served at 6 and included three birthday cakes, featuring the anniversaries of Mrs. Fred Coombs, Mrs. James Christie and Mrs. Sada Robbins.

The Rainbow Club met Friday night with Mrs. Albert Carver.

Miss Doris Stordhal is home from Fitchburg, Mass., for two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Andrew Gilchrist and Miss Gertrude Vinal entertained at bridge Thursday night at the home of the latter as a benefit for the Girl Scouts.

High scores were won by Mrs. Charles Chilles, Miss Nellie Hall, Homer Darres and Berger Magnuson.

Herbert Cassie left Friday for Boston to attend the Vinalhaven reunion and banquet.

Mrs. Arthur Guilford went Monday to Castine, called by illness of her sister, Mrs. Charles Weddell.

Ocean Bound Rebekah Lodge will hold a public bridge Thursday night at Odd Fellows hall.

Word has been received of the death of William Grant, 71, which occurred Jan. 25 at his home in Waldoboro. He is survived by his wife and one son Albert Grant of Rosindale, Mass.

Charles Chilles of this town is a nephew. Mr. Grant and family were residents of this place several years where he held the position of superintendent for Booth Brothers. Later he moved to Waldoboro and after five years went to Long Cove. He later returned to Waldoboro and engaged in the paving business for himself until his illness two years ago. Services were held Sunday at his home in Waldoboro. The remains were placed in the tomb to await interment in the spring.

NORTH HOPE

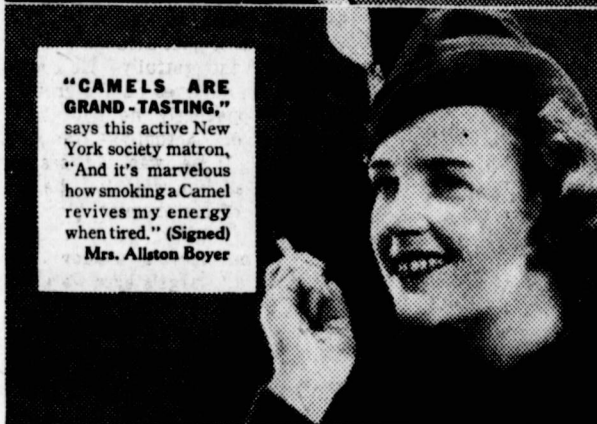
C. A. Towle at North Appleton sells The Courier-Gazette. 137-14

MICKIE SAYS—

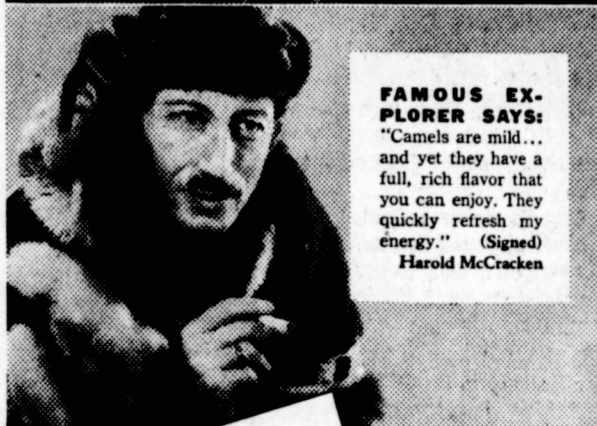
GOSH, THE FUSS OUR FOREMAN MAKES OVER EVERY JOB OF PRINTING, WOULD THINK HE WUZ ONE OF THEM OLD FARTS, BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE OUR CUSTOMERS ALWAYS COME BACK FOR MORE.



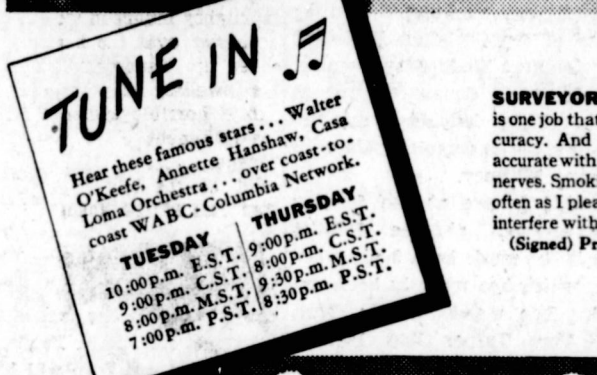
SALES MANAGER REPORTS: "I chose Camels long ago. When I'm 'done in,' I know that a Camel renews my sense of proportion and gives me a 'lift' in energy." (Signed) Louis Bayard



"CAMELS ARE GRAND-TASTING." says this active New York society matron. "And it's marvelous how smoking a Camel revives my energy when tired." (Signed) Mrs. Allison Boyer



FAMOUS EXPLORER SAYS: "Camels are mild... and yet they have a full, rich flavor that you can enjoy. They quickly refresh my energy." (Signed) Harold McCracken



SURVEYOR: "Surveying is one job that calls for accuracy. And you can't be accurate with tired, jangled nerves. Smoking Camels as often as I please won't ever interfere with my nerves." (Signed) Prescott Halsey

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

TENANT'S HARBOR

Margaret Cant is a member of the refreshment committee for Roosevelt's Ball.

There will be a practice meeting of Naomi Chapter, O.E.S., next Friday at 2 o'clock. A covered dish supper will be served and the regular meeting will be at 8 p. m.

Pauline Cameron entertained last Tuesday afternoon ten schoolmates at a birthday party.

William Pratt, Jr., has returned from Thomaston where for the past week he has been manager of Carl Stetson's barber shop while the latter was in Boston for a visit.

The big snowstorm has given the pheasants plenty of trouble in locating food. But their old friend, Earl H. Barter has come to their rescue by placing grain here and there. The pheasants greedily devour the feast so kindly provided.

The lobster boats are frozen in the harbor being nearly covered with ice.

Earl Barter shot two handsome red foxes last week.

Lee Andrews and Capt. Waldo Lane are building a sail-boat which they expect to put in commission early in the summer.

Aurora Borealis put on a sensational display Sunday night. If the Northern Lights really mean cold weather they have hit the nail on the head this time.

Miss Ruth E. Barter who motored from Boston Saturday, returned the following day with the Burnhams of Lynn.

The storm has kept the local snowplows sharply on the job the past few days.

Naomi Chapter, O. E. S. Installs

Despite inclement weather Friday, there were many present at Masonic hall to witness the installation of officers of Naomi Chapter, O.E.S., who were: Lizzie Imlach, worthy patron; Harlan Bragdon, worthy patron; Evelyn Morris, associate patron; Clayton Hunnewell, associate patron; Margaret Cant, secretary; Blanche Simmons, treasurer; Harriett Rawley, organist; Margaret Reid, chaplain; Oda M. Reid, conductress; Mary Marriott, associate conductress; Mabel Rose, marshal; Janet Underwood, Ada Madeline Baum, Ruth; Gladys Davis, Esther; Anne Bragdon, Martha; Gwen Dowling, Electa; Jessie Harris, warden; John Reid, sentinel.

The officers were installed by Past Matron Margaret Cant, assisted by Mabel Rose, marshal, and Margaret Reid, chaplain. After the ceremonies Past Matron Harriet Long presented Margaret Cant and John Reid, past matron and patron, with jewels, the past matron also receiving a gift from the officers.

Refreshments were served in the

MARTINSVILLE

Miss Agnes Halgerson of Tenant's Harbor was weekend guest of Mrs. Marguerite Watts.

William F. Cook is confined to his home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Simmons passed the weekend with her parents in Friendship.

Miss Geraldine Watts is guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thompson at Tenant's Harbor.

Miss Marguerite Watts was a visitor Friday at the home of Mrs. H. H. Hupper.

Ocean View Grange attended in a body the funeral services for E. S. Hooper. Deep sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The Ladies' Circle meets Thursday with Mrs. Jean Bachelder.

Funeral services for Farrington Hart, a resident of this place, were conducted Sunday at the Odd Fellows hall at Tenant's Harbor. Mr. Farrington died at the home of his daughter Mrs. Lizzie Teel in Rockland with whom he had made his home since the death of his wife last year. He was a quiet home-loving man and will be greatly missed in this community. He is survived by a son, Lewis, a daughter, Mrs. Teel and several grandchildren.

Albert Grant of Rosindale, Mass., is in town called by the death of his father, William Grant.

Miss Mary Demeritt of Etna is at the Sanborn home for the winter.

Miss Mona Jones was at home from Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, for the weekend.

Schools in town began Monday after a two weeks recess.

Friends of Lawrence Weston are pleased to welcome him home after his two months absence in Boston following an operation at the New England Deaconess Hospital. Mrs. Weston, who has also been in Boston, returned with him.

The price of milk in Alaska varies from 25 cents a quart in some communities in the interior to 13 cents at some points down the coast.

That's the mental attitude of folks here in Maine toward colds, coughs, grippe or flu. For no matter what comes—Johnson's Anodyne, that famous old home treatment is waiting in many a medicine chest—as it has for the last 124 years! Folks in Maine don't know what the weather will do—but they do know what can be expected of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Other so-called cold remedies come and go—but Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has stood the test of time through 124 long, hard Maine winters.

Why don't you try this famous prescription of a good old country doctor whose patients demanded quick cure—not just claims? Johnson's Anodyne is a 2-way—internal and external treatment that really works! It doesn't "pet" a cold—it knocks it out—usually the first day. You can get a generous bottle for a few cents at your druggist's. Try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment today.

Bring on your COLDS!

We're Waiting

That's the mental attitude of folks here in Maine toward colds, coughs, grippe or flu. For no matter what comes—Johnson's Anodyne, that famous old home treatment is waiting in many a medicine chest—as it has for the last 124 years! Folks in Maine don't know what the weather will do—but they do know what can be expected of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Other so-called cold remedies come and go—but Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has stood the test of time through 124 long, hard Maine winters.

WEST WASHINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Bartlett and family were supper guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bartlett.

Miss Marjorie Johnson of Washington spent the weekend with Miss Mildred Bartlett.

Mrs. Maude Hibbert and son Royal were callers last Tuesday in Augusta.

Mrs. Mae Hibbert returned home Saturday from Winthrop where she has been employed.

Sheldon McLean of Portland is visiting with his mother Mrs. Glennie Delameter.

Kenneth Hibbert of Middletown, Conn., returned home Tuesday after a short visit with his mother. His sister Marion accompanied him to his home for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Bartlett and Birdell Hibbert were visitors in Augusta Wednesday.

Miss Geneva Frost passed the weekend with Miss Hoffes of Jefferson.

Miss Ruey Hallowell is caring for Mrs. Harris Day of Somerville.

Mrs. Glennie Delameter and son Sheldon visited Wednesday with Mrs. Ida Jones of Razorville.

Edson Wellman, John Babb and Charlie Bowman are harvesting ice.

WALDOBORO

Mr. and Mrs. George Pratt are in Boston.

Mrs. C. B. Stahl recently entertained the Bridge Club at Stahl's Tavern, with Mrs. Albert Benner as guest player. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Miss Evelyn Gentner who is passing a vacation from her duties as registered nurse in Portland, at her home in South Waldoboro, has been guest of her sister, Mrs. Reginald Monahan.

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UNION

The benefit card party held at the home of Mrs. Lizzie Hawes Saturday evening had seven tables at play.

Honors in bridge went to John Creighton, Mrs. Edna McKinley and Mrs. Grace Williams.

The second card party for the benefit of Community Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Emma Jones, Feb. 2.

Mrs. Edna McKinley, Mrs. Mary Barker, Mrs. Nan Burns and Mrs. Ethel Creighton will be in charge.

Mrs. Edna McKinley entertained delightfully at her home last Tuesday evening with dinner and bridge.

Honors in cards went to Mrs. Ethel Creighton and Mrs. Charlotte Hawes.

Other guests were Mrs. Bessie Stephenson, Mrs. Edith Thomas, Mrs. Ada Lucas, Mrs. Aleda Possett, Mrs. Emma Jones, Mrs. Carrie Mank, Mrs. Carrie Abbott, Mrs. Marion Alden and Miss Edith Hawes.

The annual installation of Orient Chapter, O.E.S., was postponed because of the storm and will be held Wednesday evening.

Musical Program

The meeting of the Woman's Community Club was held last Tuesday afternoon in the auditorium of the high school. Miss Edith Hawes in charge of the program presented pupils from each department:

Primary children, three songs; third and fourth grades, song; fourth and sixth grade boys, "Home on the Range"; reading, "Emigration," Lea Francis; "300th Anniversary of Secondary Education," Dorothy Barker; other viewpoints on same subject, Curtis Payson; two selections by Glee Club; reading, "Homes," Betty Farris; original play, eighth grade.

It is gratifying to club members to note the progress made in music the short time that subject has been sponsored by the club. Mrs. Martha Fuller, Mrs. Ethel Creighton and Mrs. Grace Williams were hostesses.

SWAN'S ISLAND

Mr. and Mrs. John Kent returned home last week after spending several weeks on the mainland.

Rollie Black has employment in Newcastle.

The steamer North Haven did not make the trip to Rockland Thursday owing to the severe storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Stockbridge are visiting relatives in Atlantic for a few days.

Miss Velma Morse entertained at a chicken supper last Tuesday evening the occasion celebrating her eleventh birthday. The color scheme in table decorations was attractively carried out in pink and blue, and games furnished diversion. Guests were Gladys Pray, Ruth Smith, Barbara Holmes and Helene Burns.

SOUTH THOMASTON

What a storm! The new snow plough had a chance to prove itself and "it's a peach". Roads here are in good condition for cars, including the Georges River Road which Mr. Sieper plowed Sunday. In less than 24 hours after the storm began autos could easily go from St. George town line to Rockland town line.

Stanton Sleeper who is located at the CCC camp in Patten, enjoyed a leave from Sunday to Wednesday which he passed at his home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. William Makenin are living at the home of Albert Snow this winter.

A group of young people have formed a bridge club and are holding weekly meetings, the latest of which was Friday night at the home of Mrs. Albert Davis. The members are: Mrs. James Mitchell, Miss Lempi Makenin, Miss Arline Makenin, Earl and Randall Hopkins, Mrs. Albert Davis, Jesse Sleeper and Edw. Allen.

The sheldrakes which wintered near the bridge last year are again favoring this locality with their presence. They seem to have reinforcements in reserve as a large flock can

be seen whenever open water appears below the bridge. The gulls appear hungry and a great flock stay in Amos Makenin's field watching eagerly for food from any of the seven houses in that neighborhood.

Frank Harrington is in Ash Point where he will make his home for the remainder of the winter with his niece Mrs. Elmer Curtis.

Mrs. Rebecca Thorndike is visiting her niece Mrs. Arthur Strout in Worcester.

Forget-me-not Chapter O.E.S. held its annual installation of officers Saturday night. It was semi-public. Mrs. Vivian Hewett of Rockland being the installing officer. A program was presented and refreshments served. The officers are: Mrs. Frank Fullerton, W. M.; Allan Borgerson, W. P.; Mrs. M. W. Jackson, A. M.; H. D. Crowley, A. P.; Miss Susie Sleeper, secretary; Mrs. Eugene Harrington, treasurer; Mrs. Fred Gill-chrest, conductress; Mrs. J. T. Baum, associate conductress; Charles S. Watts, chaplain; Mrs. Elizabeth Babb, marshal; Mrs. Charles Watts, organist; Claire Rackliff, Adah; Mrs. Helen Rackliff, Ruth; Mrs. C. L. Sleeper, Esther; Mrs. H. D. Crowley, Martha; Mrs. Elvie Curtis, Electa; Miss Louise Butler, warden; C. L. Sleeper, sentinel.



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THE COURIER-GAZETTE
Rockland, Maine

SOCIETY

In addition to personal notes regarding departures and arrivals, this department especially desires information of social happenings, parties, musicals, etc. Notes sent by mail or telephone will be gladly received.

TELEPHONE 779 or 784

Mrs. T. C. Stone gave a luncheon contract Friday at the home of Mrs. A. C. Jones, her guests being Mrs. L. E. McRae, Mrs. F. A. Tirrell, Mrs. John Haines McLoon, Mrs. Edwin L. Scarlott, Mrs. Cleveland Sleeper, Jr., Mrs. A. K. Orne, Mrs. R. L. Stratton, and Mrs. Donald Leach. The Valentine season was reflected in the place cards and tallies, red tulips forming the centerpiece of the luncheon table, and red roses featured in the living room where cards were enjoyed. Honors were won by Mrs. Tirrell, Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Scarlott.

Attended by hundreds of members and guests the Business and Professional Women's Republican Club of Boston celebrated its ninth birthday recently. Mrs. Anna Tillinghast, the wife of a former Rockland pastor (Universalist), founded the organization.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Estes were in Boston for the weekend.

Mrs. Daniel Paulitz was hostess to T.H.E. Club last evening.

Chapin Class meets tonight with Mrs. Velma Marsh.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Bowler of Waterville came for the funeral services of Mrs. Hattie M. Hills in Warren Thursday. Mrs. Hills died in Quincy, Mass. She was the sister of Mrs. Bowler and Edward Gonia of this city.

Woman's Auxiliary of St. Peter's Church meets Thursday at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. Percy Dinsmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coombs entertained at dinner Sunday night the occasion complimenting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tirrell on their wedding anniversary. A gorgeous wedding cake made by Mrs. L. E. McRae graced the table, and Mr. and Mrs. Tirrell were presented with a gift. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Tirrell, Dr. and Mrs. Dana S. Newman, Dr. and Mrs. Blake B. Annis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Glendinning, Miss Carrie Fields and Ernest Keywood, and Mr. and Mrs. McRae.

Miss Alice Haskell is a patient at Knox Hospital.

There will be all-day relief sewing at the Congregational vestry Wednesday, with luncheon at cover cost.

Miss Vivian Chaples is visiting Miss Naomi Bucklin in Portland, having returned Sunday with Miss Bucklin who had been her guest.

Mrs. Anita Goldfarb and Miss Anna Green were in Portland Sunday to attend the Northeastern Council B'nai B'rith at Falmouth Hotel. Cumberland Lodge played host, and Benjamin Shookman of Boston was the principal speaker, discussing social justice and anti-Semitism as it is today. Local problems were presented for discussion by various delegates. Dinner was served at the Jewish Home for the Aged, attended by more than 100 delegates and guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Levy were recently in the city, accompanied by Miss Sophie Cohen who had been their guest in Waterville for three weeks.

The postponed meeting of Methuen Club takes place Friday at the home of Mrs. Etta Stoddard, with Mrs. Ruth Ellingwood as leader for the program on "Women in Poetry Today."

Another series of card parties for the benefit of St. Bernard's Church closed Friday night, with the capital prize going to Clarence Upham. Winners for the evening were Joseph Adams, Miss Frances Hanrahan, Albert Dodge, Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Mrs. John Thompson, Mrs. Fred Jordan, Mrs. E. C. Boody, Mrs. George Phillips, Dennis Cronin, John Moulaison, Richard Knowlton, Mrs. Stanley C. Boynton, Mrs. J. F. Burgess, Mrs. Lillian McRae, Mrs. Elizabeth Mason, Mrs. Henry Jordan, Mrs. D. L. McCarty and Mrs. Sanford Delano were in charge. Another series begins Friday evening with Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Grover C. Knight in charge. Play begins at 8.

Study's great all-bargain "Must Have Cash" sale is still in full blast with additional smash-hit values in quality furniture.—adv.

The delicious milk, cream, butter and eggs, fresh at your door, of the famous Round Top Farm Products are available at all times. Just phone Rockland 38-W and Pat Lawrence will call the rest. Have you tried that splendid Round Top Farm's Ice Cream?

Mrs. Etta Marcus has gone to Providence to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Bertha Rowena Marcus to Charles B. Sperber which takes place today at Hotel Biltmore, Providence. Miss Sadie Marcus will come on from New York and join her mother for the ceremony, returning to this city later in the week.

Dorothy Witham entertained Saturday evening in honor of her birthday. Those present were Geneva and Flora Hooper, Bernice and Mertie Lindsey and Ione Lorraine. Beano and donkey were features of the evening. Buffet lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Montgomery of Thomaston entertained at supper and cards Saturday, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Snow of Rockland, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Libby of Thomaston.

Mrs. H. N. McDougall of Portland has been confined to the house by illness the past week.

Browne Club will have a covered dish supper Thursday at 6 at the home of Mrs. K. C. Rankin, Cedar street, for members and husbands.

Miss Ella Ladd has returned to Warren after two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Moody, Cedar street.

A program will be presented at the meeting of Junior Harmony Club Wednesday at 7 at the home of Mrs. E. F. Berry.

Mrs. Charlotte Betts who has been ill for several weeks is showing encouraging gain.

Rubinstein Club meets Friday at the Universalist vestry, with Mrs. Elsa Constantine as chairman, presenting a program on "Art-Song in America," with instrumental music of the corresponding periods.

Fales Circle, Ladies of the G.A.R., is to have a card party Wednesday at 7:30 at the home of Mrs. Florence Young.

The beano party to be given by men of the parish of St. Bernard's Church will be tonight at 8 instead of Wednesday as first planned.

Mrs. E. W. Peaselee and Miss Gladys Alley are in Boston attending the New England Hairdressers Association convention in the interests of Lady Knox Beauty Shop.

Miss Minnie White returned to Bath yesterday after spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. White.

Thimble Club sewed last evening at the home of Mrs. Parker Worrey.

Mrs. M. F. Lovejoy entertained Diligent Dames Friday afternoon with 11 members braving the snowy streets to attend. The next meeting will be on Thursday, Feb. 7, place to be announced.

Mrs. George W. Smith has closed her home on Summer street for two months and will be with her sister Mrs. A. L. Orne.

Sleeper Bible Class met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hall.

Announcements received read: "Miss Katherine Hatch presents Barbara M. Todd in a violinello recital assisted by Raymond Lord, pianist, at the Montpelier Studio, Portland, Tuesday, Jan. 29 at 8:15." Miss Todd is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Todd, Mrs. Todd being formerly Miss Helen Bird of Belfast and Rockland. The gifted daughter is an active figure in Portland musical circles. She is a member of the MacDowell Club and Portland Symphony Orchestra, and is a student at Westbrook Junior College.

Dr. and Mrs. William Rogers Chapman have taken a house at Palm Beach, Fla., for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. James O'Hara goes to Boston today to spend the remainder of the week with her husband who is substituting as organist at station WEEI for Del Castillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Little entertained Wednesday at buffet supper to observe the birthday of Mrs. Raymond Cross. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. Seymour Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cross, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Orne, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Orne and Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick Libby.

Let Billy Mack take care of your Battery needs, free inspection at all times. Munro's Service Station. Official Exide Battery Service. 13-11.

Study's great all-bargain "Must Have Cash" sale is still in full blast with additional smash-hit values in quality furniture.—adv.

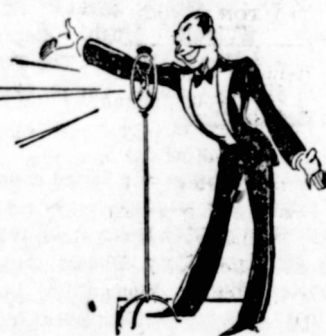
Soft Velvet The Mode For Evening



New York-Paris Fashions

THE great popularity of velvets for evening wear is illustrated in this formal evening ensemble fashioned in La Tosca, a new Lyons velvet of rayon. The cape is trimmed in white fox and the gown, on long slim lines, features a new halter back bodice in open wing effect. The wrap lends itself to several ways of wearing. It may be worn as a fur piece, high at the neck in front, or it may be reversed so the fur will come at the back. Rhinestone clips accent the medium low front décolleté and match the belt buckle. The gown, which is sleeveless, displays a modern style note with its smart little shoulder cape effect over the upper arm.

"ON MY SET"



Fr. Coughlin continued Sunday his attack on the World Court, and protested against the expected action of the United States Senate—appealing for it not to "barter our sovereignty" and the establishment of a policy which "would mean war and destruction instead of peace and tranquility." He said he gloried in upholding a lost cause, and had rather stand with Washington and Jefferson in this matter than with Roosevelt and Norman Davis.

Although threatened with a lawsuit Fr. Coughlin refused to retract what he had said about the Roving Ambassadors, Norman Davis, and quoted from court records and leading newspapers to substantiate his position.

What's this Walter Winchell says? Babe Ruth to manage the White Sox? Winchell also said that the rumor persists that Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is to remarry.

Southend radio fans are going to check up on local interference.

Mrs. Mary Keizer was hostess to Corner Club at cards Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Lloyd Daniels entertained at sewing last evening.

The card party under the auspices of Past Presidents' Association of Edwin Libby Relief Corps, postponed from last week will take place Thursday at 2. Mrs. Bertha Higgins will be in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stone and Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Stratton gave a supper party Sunday at the latter's home. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Orne, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leach, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Gower, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Snow, Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Scarlott, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Sleeper, Jr. and Mrs. John H. McLoon.

Garden Club meets this afternoon at 2:30 at the Central Maine club-rooms. It will be conducted informally, with several members talking on pet garden projects, such as spring plants, forcing bulbs, rock garden plants, garden books, unusual vegetables and flowers, garden problems, etc. Mrs. Joseph Emery will also outline plans for the Knox Hospital garden.

For your bridge parties and luncheons—This week's special: Fresh butter-toasted Imperial Cashew Nuts. Only 30c per half pound. The Corner Drug Store Inc. Tel. 378.—adv.

The genuine prayer is the beginning of its own answer.

EDUCATIONAL CLUB

Promises Interesting Sessions For the Coming Friday Afternoon and Evening

Among the attractions for next Friday's Educational Club meeting at G.A.R. hall from 2 to 9:30 are F. A. Winlow's address, "Sixteen Years Afterward;" "Hawaii," illustrated by the new University of Maine president, Dr. Arthur Hauck; music by Edna Gregory and the Harvie Family; trumpet solo (by special request) "Holy City," by Marion Harvie; reading, Mrs. Clara Johnson.

The foregoing are evening features, that session opening at 7:15. The 2 o'clock session includes talks by club members, "Queen Elizabeth" in the "Immortal Women" series; The Pied Piper and Robert Burns and the Spider in the "Immortal Stories" series; current events study and roll call; the New Valor Roll report as now inaugurated; brief talks by Mesdames Helen Carlson and Nan Snow and at 4:30 the address on "Maine Politics and the Maine Legislature," by Senator Roy L. Fernald of Winterport.

Mrs. Caro Jones will serve club coffee at 6 to supplement box lunches. At Minnie Miles interim meeting the members decided to have another public supper March 15, with Mrs. Miles as chairman, and to make that date a guest night for men. Marguerite Gould conducted a questionnaire at that picnic showing it is only business and industry which create wages and salaries; while Nettie Stewart read the article favoring the Townsend Plan, sent by the interested and helpful Thomaston member, Mrs. Clara Sawyer.

With Emma Harvie at the piano, Marian and Dudley Harvie, those brilliant youngsters of a talented mother, played trumpet selections greatly enjoyed. Rev. Winfield Witham of Camden urged club members to read all of Senator Nye's speech on the Munitions investigation, to be found in the Congressional Record of Jan. 15, which journal the club receives through the courtesy of Congressman Moran, his wife being an Educational Club member. M. P. R.

HOME-AG-FAX

Maine has the highest per cent of 4-H club members finishing projects of any state in the United States.

Members of the Jolly Juniors Club of Sangerville have decided to use about half their meetings during the winter for subject matter and drawing garden plans and the other half to make bird houses or simple labor savers for their mothers.

A Shropshire farmer has trained a cow to draw his cart to market every Saturday. It would be interesting to know how many miles she does to a gallon of milk.

Five hundred and seventy three teams of 4-H Club members in Maine gave public demonstrations on a variety of projects last year.

Messrs Al Plourd and Alfred Merrow of Al's Hairdressing Salon are attending the New England Style Show at the Statler, Boston, returning tonight.—adv.

Mice Loot Cat of Fur for Their Nests

Lillooet, B. C.—"When the cat's away, the mice will play," says the adage.

But, Andy Bergenheim, prospector, declares that the mice of this modern day play even more boldly when the cat is not away.

His cat has been losing its fur in large quantities, prompting an investigation. He discovered that mice, making their nests beneath the floor of the cabin, had been robbing the cat of its fur and using the soft substance for their nests.

PHYSICIAN KILLS WIFE AND HIMSELF

Police Unable to Discover Motive for Tragedy.

New York—Dr. Harmon Smith, sixty-two years old, one of the city's leading throat specialists, and his wife, Janet, forty-two, were found stabbed to death in the library of their home at 150 East Sixty-second street. The police said Doctor Smith had evidently killed his wife and then committed suicide.

No notes were found and detectives were unable to discover any motive for the tragedy. The couple had dined alone about nine o'clock, as was their custom, and then gone to the library on the basement floor level, where Doctor Smith had a great collection of hunting knives and other weapons.

As the detectives reconstructed what happened, Mrs. Smith was lying on a couch with her face to the wall, when her husband grabbed her by the left arm, tearing her sleeve, and turned her face upward. He slashed her throat with a short hunting knife. Then he pulled open his shirt and stabbed himself in the heart with an eight inch dagger.

Mrs. Smith was the doctor's second wife. She is the former Janet Williams of San Diego, Calif., whom he married in June, 1915. They have one son, Harmon, Jr., who is a student at the Chester Military academy.

Doctor Smith was born at McDonough, Ga., on March 20, 1872, the son of S. O. and Alice Cloud Stokes Smith. He took his bachelor of arts degree at the University of Georgia, where he was a member of the class of 1892, and five years later he was graduated from the Bellevue hospital medical college here.

After serving his internship at King's country hospital he spent a year on the staff of the Loomis sanitarium and subsequently became surgeon-director of the Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital, and consulting large director of the Manhattan Eye hospital of this city. He was also consulting aurist of the Monmouth Memorial hospital of Long Branch, N. J.

Missouri Farmer's Life Saved by Shepherd Dog

Knob Noster, Mo.—The life of Tom Redd, Johnson county farmer, living northeast of Knob Noster, was saved by his shepherd dog, who kept watch over him and howled after he was kicked by a cow, until neighbors came to Redd's rescue. Two bones in Redd's lower leg had been fractured by the ferocious cow, rendering him helpless. The dog drove off the cow after it had attacked Redd several times. The accident occurred while Redd was milking his 11 cows, and as he lived alone and almost half a mile from the nearest neighbors, he was unable to call for help. The dog, however, sensing something was wrong, kept up an incessant loud howling for almost an hour.

17-Year-Old Boy Given Life Term in Prison

Cleveland.—A seventeen-year-old boy has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Ohio penitentiary for murder.

He is Joseph Bada, committed for the murder of Mrs. Anna Sturski, in her confectionery. A jury of six men and six women in Common Pleas court found him guilty of first degree murder, and recommended mercy.

The youth was convicted principally on the testimony of Michael Drury, also seventeen, who testified Bada accompanied him to Mrs. Sturski's, where, he said, Bada struck the woman with his fist, or a revolver.

Carries Wire in Throat for Two and Half Years

Sydney, N. S. W.—A man here has had a piece of wire in his throat for 2½ years—without knowing it. Two years ago C. Wurth was working on a seed drill when a piece of thin wire about three-quarters of an inch flew off and struck him in the throat, causing a small wound. He consulted a doctor when a pain appeared in the neck and to his surprise the wire was extracted.

Collars on Dog Fish Belfast, Maine.—Four of nine dog-fish caught by Freeman Roberts wore collars. Rubber bands encircled their necks.

Women Manage Ukiah Ukiah, Ore.—Women ran the town of Ukiah, a village of 150 persons in the Blue mountains, one day during the deer season, as all the men were away on their annual deer-hunting trip.



"When Ladies Meet..."

THERE IS ONE WHO IS ALWAYS ENVIED BY THE OTHERS

In this case it is the woman who has BOTH an Electric Washer and an Electric Ironer. No wonder she is the envy of the others... her electric washer does her washing while she is in another room, maybe reading... or resting... or with her children.



When the ironing is ready she places her electric ironer anywhere she pleases... maybe by the radio... sits down comfortably and merely glides the pieces while her ironer does all the hard work. She finishes her work in about a fourth of the time it takes her friends.

You, too, can now have BOTH an Electric Washer and Ironer—

NOW Full Size EASY Washer Full Size EASY Ironer
Only \$5 down for both

balance divided over 24 monthly payments of \$5.32 each

* **2c** worth of electricity will do the average family wash ELECTRICALLY

Why spend an hour scrubbing a washboard for that!

Ask for a free demonstration—TODAY

CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY STORES

* based on the average rate.

TAKES A FIRM STAND

Senator Dickinson Tells Republican Women Where the Hope Lies

The only hope of national recovery United States Senator Lester J. Dickinson, Iowa, said Saturday, lies in the Republican party. He addressed 1,300 women from 22 States at the 14th annual luncheon of the Women's National Republican Club.

"When the spending spree is ended," he asserted, "when crystal gazing ceases to be attractive, when it is found that most panaceas are a myth, then the ideals of the Republican party, its constructive policies, its dependable leadership will again be in favor."

"The Democratic party is proposing to regulate everything through a bureau in Washington. The Republican party believes that things should regulate themselves by the conflict of interests between free men. The Democratic proposal is corrupting to free institutions."

Senator Dickinson said the Republican party was "not ready to confess that we should turn back to paternalism to bureaucratic discipline and to executive orders."

"The Republican party believes in the government paying its obligations in the kind of money promised when the debt was incurred," he asserted. "It believes in giving a government contractor the right to be heard before his contract is cancelled and he is branded a fraud."

"It believes in the maintenance of protective tariff sufficient to protect industry, sufficient to pay labor good wages, and to permit the farms of our country to be occupied."

NEW PLAYING

"FORSAKING ALL OTHERS" with CRAWFORD, GABLE, MONTGOMERY

WEDNESDAY

If You Have a Tear To Shed... Then there will be a sob in your heart, a laugh on your lips and a lump in your throat, when you see the depth of this boy's love—and understand his heart-break!

JACKIE COOPER

in "PECK'S BAD BOY"

with THOMAS MEIGHAN

JACKIE SEARL

Special Children's Matinee Wednesday at 4:00 o'clock—Admission 10c

THURSDAY

When Life Is Set To Music... they love... they laugh... they sing... they quarrel... they kiss... and then they start again!

GLORIA SWANSON

JOHN BOLES

"MUSIC IN THE AIR"

ADDED—"SHOW KIDS" in Technicolor

STRAND

Shows 2:00, 6:30, 8:30 Continuous Saturday 2:00 to 10:30

COMING FRIDAY-SATURDAY—BAER-LEVINSKY FIGHT

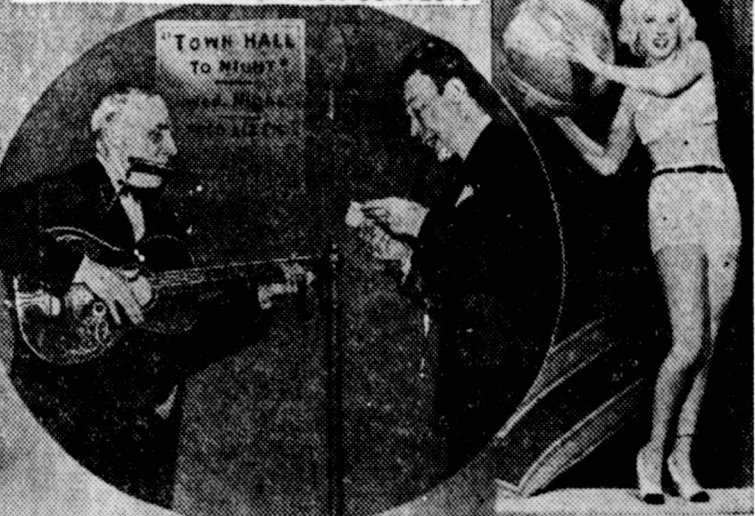
SPOTLIGHTING THE STARS

HELLO AGAIN! Here's more news of the stars you see and hear. HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD is the news that Toby Wing, Paramount Player, is setting the swimming style with her daring two-piece suit. Well, it looks good to us, Toby. FRED ALLEN'S AMATEUR CONTESTS are a new feature in that festival of fun, "Town Hall Tonight," on the NBC network Wednesday nights. You'll laugh your head off at the sorry efforts of some of these amateurs and be surprised at the excellence of others. Some get the hook, others get praise and all get a kidding from Fred. An electric applause-meter determines the winner but the general public can vote, too, by telegram or by letter.

AMELIA EARHART AND MYRNA LOY are both flying enthusiasts. Just before Amelia left for her recent flight from Hawaii to California Myrna went to the field to talk it over. They are shown with Amelia's husband, George P. Putnam. Did you ever wonder WHAT A COMPOSER LOOKS LIKE? Well, we show you a picture of Sam Coslow, co-author of such great movie hits as Thanks, Learn To Croon, Just One More Chance and Cocktails For Two. Now he's working on some new ones.

SOCIALITE GOES HOLLYWOOD! Gene Davis Black, Atlanta Debutante, got a break on her first try. She landed a role in support of Carl Brisson and Mary Ellis in "All the King's Horses." Carl is coaching her in her lines. A new afternoon broadcast, The Radio City Matinee, sparkles with as many stars as any of the evening shows. Appearances are planned for such BIG BRAINS OF THE AIRWAVES as Richard Himber, Xavier Cugat, Nathaniel Shilkret and their orchestras, and Richard Crooks, tenor. Presented by the Magic Brain of RCA, this show goes on over the NBC chain at two Wednesday afternoons. Well, so long, see you soon with lots more news and pictures.

... FRED ALLEN'S AMATEUR CONTESTS



... HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD



... AMELIA EARHART AND MYRNA LOY

... WHAT A COMPOSER LOOKS LIKE



... BIG BRAINS OF THE AIRWAVES

HATCH'S TURF TALK

From G. W. Hatch's turf gossip in the Bangor News these items of local interest are quoted:

John R. Braden (p) 202%, the famous Aroostook "Iron horse" makes quite a showing as a sire this year having two new pacing performers to add to his one previous credit. Esther Pauline Braden, who paced to her mark of 2:18 at Livermore Falls in 1921 when a four year old being his first.

Walter Randall Cox, the greatest ever from New England, a wizard in the sulky and in financial management, started life driving a butcher's cart. Frank Fox and Irving Potte

drove stage lines over the country roads in earlier life and learned a lot about easing them up when the going was rough and letting them slide where the grade was easy and room plenty.

At the Pesque Isle Fair on September 6th Petress Braden driven by Dumont won the second and third heats of a race in 2:15 which was creditable time for a new one but still more evidence of speed was in the opening heat when she chased out Dr. Hanover in 2:11½ indicating the probability that some day she will be a 2:10 performer for her sire.

CAPT. CHARLES J. DRINKWATER

Capt. Charles J. Drinkwater, 80, died Saturday while visiting relatives at Ipswich, Mass.

Born at Lincolnville, Capt. Drinkwater returned from the sea 10 years ago and took up carpentering at Camden. For the past five years he had been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Ralph Wooster of Bangor.

Besides Mrs. Wooster, Captain Drinkwater is survived by three sons, William E. Drinkwater of Rowley, Mass., Myron C. Drinkwater of Rockland and Elmer V. Drinkwater of Dexter.

Funeral services will be held at the Good Funeral Home at Camden this afternoon.

HONORS FOR WHITE

Senator White of Maine was notified Saturday of his unanimous election as vice-president of the Inter-parliamentary Union, an organization consisting of members of both Houses.

STICKNEY CORNER

Jerusha E. Sargent now has The Courier-Gazette on sale at her general store. 131-1/2

STOP BAD BREATH

Thousands of people afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know.

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels, stimulating them to natural action, and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous cathartics does without any of the bad after effects.

Olive Tablets bring no gripping pain or any disagreeable effects.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after 20 years of practice among patients afflicted with constipation with the attendant bad breath.

Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two at bedtime for a week and note the effect. 15c, 30c, 60c.

WILSON B. KEENE

(A Tribute)

The late Wilson B. Keene was one of the finest young men that it has been my good fortune to know, and his death, before he had reached the zenith of his brilliant career, is a distinct loss to all with whom he was associated.

While he was born in another State, his family connections were so closely connected with this city, and his relatives and friends here were so numerous, that to him Rockland was a second home, and as often as the opportunity came, he was glad to come here and be one of us.

Inheriting considerable real estate from his uncle, the late Lucien B. Keene, he could never be induced to part with all of it seeming to feel that the ownership of real estate here assured him of connecting ties with Rockland. Nor did he forget those who lived here who were the contemporaries of his father and mother, and as occasion came he remembered and helped them, in that quiet and unassuming way that makes remembrance doubly blessed.

Whether in work or in play, he had those qualities of mind and heart that gripped you and held you fast. His appealing personality impressed all who came to know him. Illustrative of this quality might be mentioned an incident that occurred at his funeral at his late home in New Jersey.

It was attended by numerous personal friends and relatives and high officials of the Munson Steamship Company of which he was vice president, but there was present also the little colored boy—the bootblack in the block where the company's offices were located, who was glad and proud to take from his meager earnings of pennies and dimes the necessary fare for a 20-mile journey, that he might be present at the last rites for his friend.

Thoughtful for others to the end, he made all the plans for his burial, that the way might be easier for those left behind.

Measured in years, his life was all too short, but it was rich in achievements, in friendships, and things worthwhile.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

G. B. Butler

ITCHING...

anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by

Resinol

STRAND THEATRE



Jackie Cooper as Bill Peck, belt ves himself to be the son of Henry Peck, w.dower, but is actually the latter's adopted son. He is happy with his foster father until the arrival of Aunt Lily and her small son Horace. These two set out to alienate father and son so that Horace may usurp Bill's place in the P.C. household. They nearly succeed. An episode adapted from the original book, serves to bring the story to a climax by diverting to Bill the blame for a piece of mischief done by Horace. This is the celebrated "episode of the ants." Bill gets the blame as well as the thrashing. As a result, Bill runs away from home. Before the film is ended, however, he has learned that his father could be no more devoted, were he his own flesh and blood. This picture will be on Wednesday.



June Lang, rated as Fox's Films most important screen discovery of the year, has an important featured role with Gloria Swanson, John Boes and Douglas Montgomery in the gay musical romance "Music in the Air." Gloria Swanson and John Boes who are seen as a pair of highly temperamental and jealous operatic stars, are both famous for their comedy abilities, and the picture offers them their greatest opportunities in this field. Douglas Montgomery, who soared to stardom as a dramatic actor in "Little Man, What Now?" abundantly proved his talents as a comedian in earlier vehicles, and June Lang, Fox Film's "mystery girl," is hailed as a brilliant comedienne by those who have seen her "rushes" to date—adv.

VINAHAYEN & ROCKLAND STR. CO. Service to Vinahayen, North Haven, Stonington, Isle au Haut, Swan's Island and Frenchboro Effective Sept. 15, 1934 (Subject to Change Without Notice)

P. M. 3:30 Lv. Rockland 8:15 A. M. 8:30

2:45 Lv. Vinahayen 8:15 A. M. 8:30

3:30 Lv. North Haven 7:25 A. M. 7:25

1:40 Lv. Stonington 6:25 A. M. 6:25

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IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY



C. WINNIFRED COUGHLIN, Librarian

Every week-day: 9 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

I sing one tune
I sing another;
Times make us feel
Like brother and brother,
I sing one strain,
He whistles it, too;
Could we may be grey
But the sky is blue!

Prize a profit from your leisure may be obtained from the new Leisure League booklets. In these booklets is a scribed the finest material available on all kinds of amusements and occupations. Whether you want to acquire a new hobby, or to make money out of your old one, or simply to have a lot of fun of an evening, these Leisure League books will show you how. Some of the titles are: You Can Write, Getting Acquainted With Your Children, What To Do About Your Invention, Photography For Fun, Quilting-Tropical Fish, Garden in Your House, The Life of the Party, How To Sell What You Write, Stamp Collecting.

Books At Work

"The wide sphere of usefulness to which a library book is put is evidenced by the many readings through which it goes." It is not unusual for a public library book to be borrowed as many as a hundred times. In other words what citizens of Rockland get for the money expended in public library service may be realized by a comparison of public library costs with the costs of a similar number of books bought. The average cost of a book bought for the public library is \$1.50. During the last year 68,293 volumes were circulated. If instead of borrowing each of these books from the library our borrowers had purchased each of them at the same even at the cost mentioned above Rocklandians would have paid for books \$102,439.50 or approximately \$11.24 per capita and \$31.74 per registered borrower. In reality the maintenance expenditure per capita during the past year was approximately .64 and 1.81 per registered borrower. Does it take more than these figures for the citizens of Rockland to realize the importance of their public library? Minimum library support set by the American Library Association is \$1 per capita. Handicapped by this income the library is called upon, nevertheless to give increased and more crucially important service.

CUSHING

Vinal Wallace

In the death of Vinal Wallace, 87, which occurred after several months illness, this town lost one of its best known citizens. Mr. Wallace was born in Cushing Dec. 18, 1847, son of Peter and Sarah J. (Burton) Wallace and with the exception of a few years engaged in the paving business in Boston, his entire life was spent on the Wallace homestead where he was a successful farmer.

He was married to Henrietta Killaran, daughter of Edward Killaran of Thomaston, in 1869 and they passed a happily wedded life until her decease in 1877.

Mr. Wallace was deeply interested in town affairs and in him the citizens placed confidence. He was a selectman for many years and in that capacity served the community faithfully and well, holding other offices as well at various times. He was a member of the Methodist Church and for a long time was one of its trustees.

A man of strong convictions with courage to support them, a good neighbor and possessing a friendly and cheerful disposition—these qualities made him well liked and genial company to his acquaintances. Survivors are a daughter Carrie, who made her home with him and gave him every care and attention; a brother, Oscar Wallace of Malden, Mass., three nephews, Frank R. Fogarty of Galt, Ont., Nelson Fogarty of this place; Ralph Wallace of Malden; a niece, Miss Cora E. Fogarty; and a cousin M. Alice Lounsbury of Waltham.

Funeral services were held from the residence conducted by Rev. W. E. Lewis of Friendship, and many neighbors and friends attended. The remains were placed in the tomb at Thomaston to await burial in the spring. Bearers were: John J. Fales, W. A. Rivers, Fred L. Killaran and Irving Fales.

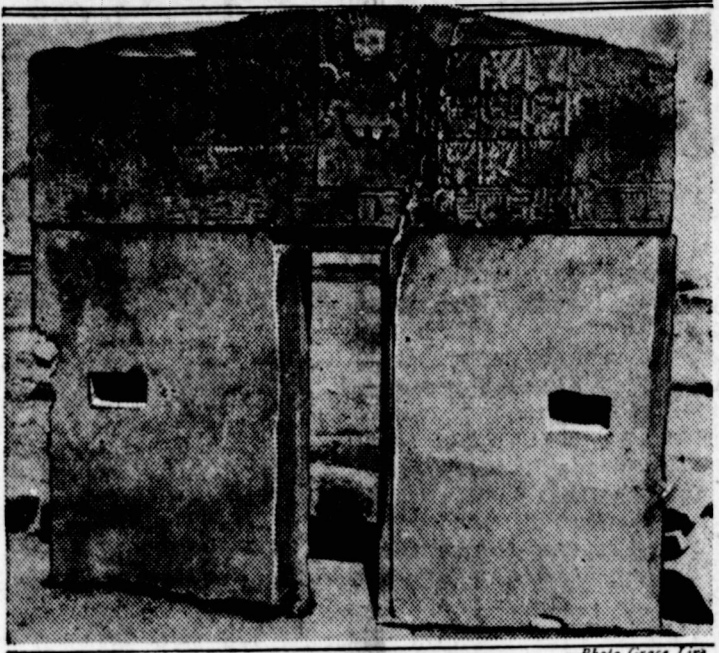
WILEY'S CORNER

The Courier-Gazette may now be obtained from Alfred Kinney who will also be glad to take want advertisements and new subscriptions.

PORT CLYDE

The Courier-Gazette is now on sale at the Postoffice and Miss Buker will also be glad to take new subscriptions 128-136

Traveling Around America



GATEWAY OF MYSTERY

THIS sculptured gateway is a relic of one of the oldest civilizations of all time—constructed by a race whose origin is still shrouded in mystery. It is one of the most impressive ruins in a prehistoric group—considered by many archeologists to be the most remarkable in the New World—found near Tiahuanaco at the south end of Lake Titicaca in Bolivia. The gate is ten feet high yet was cut from a single block of rock. Its top, now broken, is adorned with delicate carvings which are the wonder of archeologists.

Just what type of settlement was located at Tiahuanaco—religious center, royal fortress, or city—is still a matter of conjecture. Its strange ruins, however, together with the primitive Indians to be seen in the present-day village of Tiahuanaco, and the beautiful lake near which they are located have a strong appeal for travelers visiting Bolivia on the weekly cruises from New York to South America's West Coast. Huge blocks carved from sandstone and andesite—one weighing 170 tons and several measuring forty feet in height—are scattered throughout the region, presenting sculptures unlike anything else in South America. There are also stone figures carved to represent human beings, fish, and animals, among which the puma, large four-footed animal, and the condor, king of all flying birds, seem to be the most popular. The Indians believed that these images once lived and that Tiahuanaco was the dwelling place of the "Creator of the Universe."

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